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The CHRISTMAS NUMBER of the CRITIC, on December 15, will have a gratis Supplement, devoted to the BOOKS OF THE SEASON, containing numerous specimens of the engravings by which they are adorned. Many thousands of this number being circulated, Advertisements for it (which will be inserted at the regular charges) should be sent to the Office as soon as possible, as only a limited number can be admitted. ORDERS, and CHRISTMAS BOOKS for notice in the Christmas Number, are requested to be sent immediately.

THE CRITIC, London Literary Journal.

THE LATE CHARLES KEMBLE.

ALTHOUGH there be much pain in the task of the journalist when it is his duty to announce the departure of the distinguished and the good, it is mitigated by that Ossianic "joy of grief" into which the mind naturally sinks as it searches its hoards for memorials of one in whom there was little to extenuate, much to admire, and every thing to love.

Mr. CHARLES KEMBLE died on Sunday, the 12th inst., at his residence in Saville-row, at the advanced age of seventy-nine. It is somewhat singular that his death was not caused by the chronic and painful complaint to which he had been subject for many years, but by an internal attack, which carried him off after a few days suffering.

The mere account of his life, if told as we would tell the lives of other men, may be comprised in a few lines; but if related with reference to the art in which he was so eminent, or with a hope of making the world acquainted with his personal qualities, it would require a volume, and that a large one.

CHARLES KEMBLE was born at Brecknock, in South Wales, on 24th of November, 1775, being, I believe, the youngest of a numerous family. His father, Roger Kemble, was an actor, and the proprietor of several country theatres; his mother was also of the profession: so that the name of Kemble has been intimately associated with our drama for more than a century. His illustrious sister, Mrs. Siddons, appeared for the first time at Drury-lane, the very year CHARLES was born. At the age of fourteen he was sent to the College of Douay, where his brother John had previously studied. That he greatly benefited by his residence there no one who knew him can doubt, as he possessed, in addition to the many accomplishments necessary to his profession, considerable scholarship, and an ardent love of literature: it is not two years since, I found him one morning as eagerly turning over the leaves of a Greek Lexicon, as a young student cramming for an examination. He remained at Douay about five years, and came to England whilst his sister and brother were in the zenith of their theatrical fame. He was placed at first in the Post-office, but the stage alone was the mission of a Kemble; and, after a too-short probation in the provinces, he made his appearance at Drury-lane, under the auspices, and subject to the strict surveillance, of his brother John.

Much has been said of the little promise of excellence exhibited by him for some years; but, although perfectly conscious, from personal memory, of the deficiencies, I conceive that they rather redound to his credit than detract from his merit. His was an imitative art; and the raw school-student, however fitted in person and enamoured of the profession, could never be expected to come forth furnished with a knowledge of its intricate mysteries. His brother John had undergone a long and trying apprenticeship—had been stimulated by want, as well as fired by the example of his sister and his love of the art: even Edmund Kean, the most impulsive of actors, had been accustomed to the boards from infancy. But of no part of his career was CHARLES KEMBLE more jealous than this: he always insisted that he was born as well as bred an actor. I once asked him for some data for writing a memoir of him. "Not one," replied he. "And why not?" said I; "I thought you gave me the character of an honest chronicler?" "Aye, aye! but you would not do me justice; you say I was once a stick; and I never was a stick." "Nay," rejoined I, "you are not doing me justice now. I said that, by indefatigable exertions of mind and body, you had brought a merely well-grown stick to the exquisite polish of a highly-finished cane!" And so it was. CHARLES KEMBLE had

the great disadvantage of going through his professional education before the eyes of a London audience, which looks for, and has a right to expect, perfected excellence; thence the little favour he for some time, perhaps, deserved. He was, likewise, from his youth and fine person, thrown into the insipid lovers and walking gentlemen, the most benumbing and injurious lines of the profession, engendering conceit and teaching nothing.

The first proof the public had that there was warmth in the statue, was in a class of character he always, in after-life, declared against. There was no praise more contemptuously weak in his mouth than "Yes; he or she was great in melodrama!" His first decided success was in "Obi, or Three-fingered Jack," in which he astonished and delighted audience after audience for seasons. But the energies were awakened; his brother began to perceive there was mettle in him, and, with true family faith, directed his attention to Shakspeare. What a glorious field was thus thrown open to a young man so favoured by nature! The exalted, the chivalric, the spirited, the tender, the witty, the pathetic, in full beauty and excellence, seemed to lie all before him! But, alas! there are two main obstacles to a young actor's advancement—his false estimation of himself, and the jealous opinion entertained of him by others. He always complained that the family removal from Drury-lane to Covent-garden was the event of his life most fatal to his professional success. At Drury-lane, he, in tragedy, played second to his brother; at Covent-garden he found Mr. Young, an established favourite tragedian, though not older than himself; and, in the highest walk of the drama, he was forced to submit to subordinate parts. But what should an actor consider subordinate parts in Shakspeare? Garrick said: "he never played Hamlet with Parson's Grave-digger, without being sensible he was in the presence of as great an artist as himself." And what a glorious thing it was for us play-goers to have such a *Brutus*, *Cassius*, and *Anthony*—such an *Othello*, *Iago*, and *Cassio*! I do not believe that the whole history of the stage in any country can show such an assemblage of talent as at that period distinguished the Covent-garden company. However varied, however high, however low, in all possible shades of dramatic performances—from Siddons's *Lady Macbeth*, and John Kemble's *Lear*, to Joe Grimaldi's equally inimitable clown—Harris and Kemble were prepared, on the shortest notice, to place their pieces on the stage, in the highest perfection, as regarded the acting. I do not attempt to say the *mise en scène* was what it is now. Thank Heaven! we had something better to attract and fix our attention.

In this great school CHARLES KEMBLE gradually perfected himself. His tragic models were Siddons, John Kemble, Cooke, and Young; and in elegant comedy his master was William Lewis. As a tragedian, he certainly never equalled the above-named great artists; and yet this must be said with some reservation, for, with the exception of his brother, he was the best *Hamlet* I ever saw, and no one, in half a century, has approached his *Romeo*, or even his *Jaffier*. But, if he cannot claim the highest place in tragedy, he achieved for himself a position, in my opinion, quite as honourable, if it be measured by difficulty of attainment and the want of successful rivals. It is a singular circumstance that, in an art which requires such extraordinary endowments, the most rare of all impersonations is that of the *Gentleman*. In the annals of the English stage, the first we meet with is the unfortunate Mountford; the next is the inimitable Wilkes, whom I believe to have been the highest type of the character; then follows Cibber, who, although like Lewis more of the fop than the gentleman, had strong claim to the name. Of all his predecessors, I think Mr. CHARLES KEMBLE bore most resemblance in person and style to Tom Walker, the original *Macheath*. My readers must not fancy that Walker was a mere singer; he was one of the finest men of his age—was of noble, gentlemanly deportment, and, before CHARLES KEMBLE, was the best *Faulconbridge*. Only think of the melodies of the "Beggars' Opera" being sung by such a man! After the death of Wilkes, the part of the elegant fop, the spirited, witty man of fashion, was in such danger of being lost, that recourse was obliged to be had to a woman, and Peg Woffington inherited Wilkes's cane and snuff-box. Next came Tom King, the original *Lord Ogleby*, between whom and CHARLES KEMBLE there was only Lewis; and since CHARLES KEMBLE's retirement there has been no one! Now, whilst the

stage has been able to number only these few actors of the fine gentleman, it has boasted fifty tragedians of considerable pretensions; and as it has required equally great authors to delineate this marked character as to paint the hero, the murderer, or the victim of misfortune, I cannot but claim the highest honours for its best representative. In my time, of this class we have had Lewis, who was sparkling, gay, and vivacious; but he was the eccentric gentleman, the *Copper Captain*, the *Lackland*, the *Jeremy Diddler*, the *Tangent*. We have had Elliston, who was the dashing, bold, jovial gentleman, the best of *Rovers*, and not a bad *Ranger*; but it remained for Mr. CHARLES KEMBLE to show us what the *real* gentleman was—the man who could understandingly and gracefully enunciate the wit that was placed in his mouth. From the *stick*, then, at which he started—from the *Captain Woodvilles* and other walking nonentities—he rose to undisputed possession of *Benedick*, *Mercutio*, *Faulconbridge*, *Young Mirabel*, *Charles Surface*, *Lothario*, *Don Felix*, *Cassio*, *Edgar*, *Anthony*, *Orlando*, and hosts of admirable and loveable characters. And though on this head he always contradicted me, I insist upon it that a great part of his success was due to his playing loveable characters so admirably. "The Old Play-goer maintains," said he once at his own table, "that the nearer the idiosyncrasy of the actor is to the part he plays, the better it will be executed; but I don't agree with him: we are all hypocrites, and the highest art is the greatest hypocrisy. I have played both *Richard* and *Macbeth*, and yet, God knows, I never even contemplated a murder! though I dare say that fellow at the bottom of the table—he had constituted me his *vice*—will tell you that I did murder both *Macbeth* and *Richard*!"

In support of my idea of loveable characters, a little incident occurred on the day he was buried, which deeply affected me. Among the persons who waited for the *cortège* at the cemetery was a little elderly lady, who had evidently seen better days. She was very anxious for the arrival of the hearse, and was solemnly attentive during the service, and went weeping the whole way from the chapel to the grave. Struck by her manner, I ventured to say "Did you know Mr. Kemble, Madam?" "I never had the good fortune to speak to him, Sir; but, from my girlhood, he has been the noblest, the most beautiful creature I ever saw. I never missed an opportunity of being present at his performances; and I now seem to be fulfilling a duty in following him to his last home." This was the way in which, by both sexes, he and his brother John were followed and loved. Mrs. Siddons excited more admiration than they did, but not so much love.

In the small space allotted me, I cannot give utterance to a tithe of the recollections I shall always cherish of both his public and private life. His principal characteristic on the stage was gentlemanly, but highly-spirited elegance; he combined the Kemble artistic finish with an evident enjoyment and appreciation of the wit he spoke, which stamped such a reality upon his impersonations, that no one who had the advantage of seeing him in his prime could possibly separate the idea of the noble, the chivalric, the gay, and the witty, from that of CHARLES KEMBLE—(no one ever dreamt of calling him *Mister Charles*). But he possessed one superiority over all of his class, and that was his exquisite manly tenderness. I have listened to his thrilling tones in *Romeo* and *Don Felix* till I have wondered that the actresses with whom he played could refrain from throwing themselves into his arms. There was a delightful little bit of this kind in his declaration of love to Miss Hardcastle, towards the end of *She Stoops to Conquer*. Poor Oliver Goldsmith would have wept to hear him, and would have gone home and dreamt of his "Jessamy Bride."

But the great secret of his success was his intense love of his art—a love refined by scholarly study, and polished by the purest taste. Nothing short of the highest and the best satisfied him. Always esteeming dramatic "Reading" a perversion—when he first came before the public in the character of a reader, I pressed him to follow the plan of Henderson, and give selections from other great writers rather than from the dramatists. He received what I said kindly; he reflected seriously for several minutes; the name of Shakspeare was breathed softly to himself; and, laying his hand upon my arm, he said, with an agitated voice: "No, old friend! I cannot forsake the God of my idolatry to worship in strange groves."

I must not venture to describe him in private life—the wound is too green—only begging my readers to be assured that all the elegancies and amiabilities which constituted his public charm were but the reflex of his real character. He delighted in society, particularly good female society, which is the best school for a gentleman to train himself in. Although labouring for several years past under a deafness which would have seemed to preclude the enjoyment of company, he was the soul of all parties, abroad or at home, but particularly the latter. His urbanity, his attention to the conversation going on, and the manner in which he fell into it on the smallest hint, were such, that he reminded me constantly of Fontenelle, who, suffering from a similar privation, used to say, with a smile: "Only give me the title of the chapter, and I will follow you."

Mr. CHARLES KEMBLE, after a long and ardent attachment, married Miss Teresa de Camp, one of the most accomplished and beautiful women of her time; the pains and expense bestowed upon this lady's education would, even now, be deemed extraordinary. With all his high qualities of head and heart, John Kemble had his peculiarities; and, with something approaching to jealousy, he opposed this union. This opposition almost brought about CHARLES's secession from the stage, and he even turned his thoughts to the medical profession; but, as John found time had no effect upon the love of the young couple, he at length sanctioned a union he could not prevent, and they were married in 1806. From that time till his retirement, twenty years since, he continued to enjoy the admiration and patronage of the public. By command of her Majesty, he subsequently appeared for a few nights in some of his favourite characters; and, though the freshness of manhood was gone, strongly impressed upon all who saw him that, on his departure, the noble and beautiful type was broken. He likewise read "Antigone" at the Palace, and various Shakspeare plays before the public; but as I never, upon principle, witnessed those readings, I can only judge they were excellent from the many delightful recitations I have heard from him in private.

On Saturday, the 18th inst., I witnessed the "last sad scene of this eventful history." He was buried at Kensal-green Cemetery; and, with his usual good taste, by his particular desire, in a private and simple manner. A hearse and four, with three mourning-coaches and pair, formed the whole cortege. But these coaches were filled with real mourners. Of Mrs. Butler, who was chief of them, and the only member of his family present, I will not venture to speak; I hold her grief sacred; my pen could not do justice to the feelings of a high-minded daughter. But there is something more affecting in man's tears than even in woman's; and never did I behold, in a similar scene, such an affecting group as the little band of mourners who surrounded the bier of the friend they had loved so long and so dearly. There was Professor Wilson (the Oriental), more fit to have been in bed than exposed to the bitter east wind; the venerable-looking physician who had attended him; John Cooper, Harley, Bartley, Meadows, his old and fast friend Fladgate, Mr. Savary, and my humble self—all world-rubbed men, in whom the mother might be expected to be extinct; but nature asserted her right—and, again I reiterate, I never saw such a band of true mourners.

Out of regard to my space, I have refrained from the common occurrences of his life, with which everybody is acquainted. Mr. CHARLES KEMBLE leaves four children: John Mitchell, the distinguished Saxon scholar (but not a reverend, as some of the papers describe him), who likewise holds the office of licenser of plays; Henry, who has been in the army; Frances Ann, whom every one knows as a great actress, reader, and poetess; and Adelaide, who, after delighting the world for a season or two with her vocal powers, married Edward Sartoris, Esq.—all worthily maintaining the character for high talent so long possessed by the family.

THE OLD PLAY-GOER.

THE LITERARY WORLD:

ITS SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

As those who are interested in the welfare of a town should attend to the purity of its springs, so should all who have the cause of Literature at heart watch over the condition of our public seminaries with the most jealous care. In this point of view, the late

proceedings at Christ's Hospital cannot fail to excite the deepest interest throughout the literary world. With the circumstances of the dispute between Dr. JACOB and the Committee of Almoners who have hitherto governed the school, almost every reader will have become familiar from the perusal of the public journals. Dr. JACOB openly impeached the educational system of the school. He declared that the intellectual and moral wants of Christ's Hospital were not so fully and satisfactorily provided for as the physical; that the boys in general were very ignorant in important branches of English instruction, without having attained any accurate knowledge in their classical studies; that a large mass of them would, in fact, be unable to compete with the scholars of a well-conducted National School; that, in the selection of Under-masters, it had not been thought necessary to select men of ascertained experience and practical skill in influencing boys for good; and, finally, that the present system was chiefly to be distinguished by the absence of almost everything which might develop and strengthen the better feelings and tendencies of boyhood; that it helped to encourage the worst habits, and to throw the boys upon the gratification of their lower appetites, as their only source of pleasure. The worst of this is that it is undeniable—at least, the general body of the governors have held it to be so, for they have ratified it by passing a vote of thanks to Dr. JACOB for the sermon in which he enunciated these bitter truths. The truth is that there has been a mistaken desire on the part of the Christ's Hospital authorities to preserve the mediæval form impressed upon the school by its royal founder. Forgetful that he founded it in accordance with the development of his time, and that he consequently wished it to keep pace with the progress of the nation—without which it could not be useful—they have preserved the system of EDWARD VI., from the plan of education down to the yellow stockings. It is now high time that both were abolished. It is notorious that it was with the greatest difficulty that some of the more progressive among the governors effected the introduction of the study of the French language into the school; to this day, that of the German (so useful to classical students) is excluded; nor are practical geography, ethnology, or any one branch of physical science any more fortunate. The study of mathematics is confined to those intended for the sea, and those who are about to proceed to the University, and must then be pursued to the exclusion of other useful studies. The whole system is marked by the narrowest meanness, and an evident unfitness to prepare a youth for the commonest duties of life. The Mathematical Master, Mr. WEBSTER, in a letter to the *Times*, meets this case by the proof that thirty-five pupils have taken "honours" at the Universities during the last fourteen years, and that twenty-nine prizes and distinctions have been gained during the same period. When it is remembered that about three thousand boys have passed through the school during that period, and that a large proportion of these were children of decayed gentry, with good blood in their veins, the feeling excited is not of thankfulness that about one per cent. have become distinguished, but of disgust against a system that could do so little with such material. We agree with Dr. JACOB, that any well-conducted National School would have done more. However, we may now expect to see reform; and it is to be hoped that one of the earliest manifestations of this will be, the abolition of a costume which degrades the wearer by making him ridiculous as a figure of fun, and contemptible as a charity-boy in uniform. It is to be hoped also, that the governors will take Dr. JACOB's hint about the selection of under-masters. Hitherto it has been customary to select young men of no great pretension to scholarship, and utterly destitute of experience in the education of youth. Guided by no principle, these pedagogues have suffered themselves to be swayed by their natural temperaments; and whether they were too lax or too tyrannical depended entirely upon their own dispositions.

En attendant mieux, those who clamour for the Panizzi-catalogue, and clamour in vain, will be glad to hear of a catalogue raisonnée of one small section of the library—the Portuguese MSS. This useful instalment has been contributed, not by Mr. Panizzi, or even by one of the Museum officials, but by one of the public. Signor FREDERICO FRANCISCO DE LA FIGUERA, an industrious Portuguese *littérateur*, having occasion to search through the records of his nation in our collection, thought it necessary to do for us what we have not had the wit to do for ourselves—he catalogued our property for us. It is very kind of him; and we are the more obliged to him that the work is very well done, and may possibly inspire others to follow so good an example.

Those who complain of the present status of the literary profession will do well to ponder over a few facts respecting the literary remuneration accepted by our ancestors, as they are disclosed in some notes gathered from a collection of Dodsley's contracts, published in the last number of *Willis's Price Current*. Dr. YOUNG received two hundred and ten guineas for his "Night Thoughts." KITTY CLIVE got twenty guineas for her "Rehearsal." BURKE had twenty guineas for his "Sublime and Beautiful" (but afterwards his "Reflections on the French Revo-

lution" brought him one thousand pounds); Dr. PERCY had a hundred guineas for his "Reliques;" and GOLDSMITH contracted to write a Chronological History at three guineas per sheet. Nowadays, a correspondent in the Crimea gets fifteen hundred a year, and a popular author makes two thousand pounds by a little Christmas book.

A case in the Vice-Chancellor's Court, the other day, suggested two curious points for consideration—a point of law, and a point of fact; the latter illustrating the value of some literary property. It arose out of a dispute respecting the purchase of two journals—the *British Army Dispatch* and the *Nautical Standard*. The point of law was this: the intended purchaser had contracted to pay the purchase-money at one o'clock on the 2nd of February; the vendor put off the time to four o'clock on the same day; but the purchaser then postponed it until the following day, and that was held to invalidate the contract. The purchase-money for the two papers was five hundred and fifty pounds.

The post-office authorities continue to give great dissatisfaction by their arbitrary proceedings. Books have lately been confiscated because the *errata* were marked in manuscript, under pretence that these were fraudulent correspondence. To complicate the absurdity and the injustice, it has also been decided that, when a letter is fraudulently inserted between the leaves of a book, the letter is taken out and charged twopenny, and the book passes through. This is surely inconsistent.

The war still produces its crowd of books and booklings. "The War; or Voices from the Ranks," a shilling venture of Mr. ROUTLEDGE's, is an ingenious collaboration of scissors and paste, exercised upon the newspaper incidents of the war. "The Great Battles of the British Army," by W. HARVEY, is a *réchauffé*, with the battle of the Alma added. Probably analogous to the latter will be "The Calendar of Victory," by Major JONES, announced to be in the press of Messrs. LONGMANS. The same publishers also promise a "Life of Nicholas I.," by Mr. F. MAYNE. GOGOL's drama of "Dead Souls" is the material out of which "Home Life in Russia" has been ingeniously spun. The "Russian Nobleman" may well feel ashamed of putting his name upon the title-page of such a piece of *travestie*. "The British Cavalry Songs," by NUGENT TAILLEFER, may sound very well in the mess-room; but they hardly do for those who live at home at ease. The preface, however, contains this very important military truth, that "the imaginative man makes the best dragoon;" and we recommend this axiom to the notice of the DUKE of CAMBRIDGE, to whom (being not a cavalry officer) the ballads are dedicated. Nor are "Ruthen's Lyric Notes on the Russian War" much more successful; the only peculiarity is that throughout the greater part of their length these lyric notes affect the metre of the "In Memoriam." In addition to these, warlike bards have found expression in the columns of the daily press. The *Daily News* admits some lubrications of "a boy of fifteen," a pupil of the Rev. W. C. WILLIAMS, of the Collegiate School, Camden-town, the quality of which simply excites wonder that the author is so old, and that the Rev. W. C. has not birched him instead of sending his verses to the papers. The *Times* publishes some verses of higher merit, signed "R. C. T." (Dr. RICHARD CHEVENIX TRENCH.)

Though the harvest of war books is even now more numerous than the fruit of the dragon's teeth, and is (to keep up the simile) as mutually destructive, the promises for the future are even more numerous, and much more important. The newspaper correspondents will, doubtless, all have their books upon the campaign; and, judging by the marked superiority in graphic style and vivid descriptive power, that by Mr. WOONS, the correspondent of the *Morning Herald*, will be the best. In many points is this gentleman distancing Mr. RUSSELL, the much-vaunted correspondent of the *Times*. Such, at least, is the opinion of all who read and compare the dispatches impartially. Speaking of the *Times* correspondence, there has been a mystification. Those who "know all about" the secrets of journalism have been hinting darkly that the *Times* letters (notably that magnificent description of the skirmish at Balaklava) have been written by Mr. KINGLAKE, the author of "Eothen." This cannot be true, for the very simple reason that Mr. KINGLAKE has never yet been to Balaklava. Attacked by gastric fever immediately after witnessing the battle of the Alma, that distinguished writer re-embarked, and returned to Malta, where he still remains, we regret to state, in a doubtful condition.

But the war does not utterly stifle the interest excited by more peaceful topics. It would be hard indeed if DE QUINCEY could not get a hearing; and so we hail with delight the sixth volume of his delicious "Selections." The Rev. G. GILFILLAN also favours us with "A Third Gallery of Portraits." Mr. BENTLEY gives us the first volume of Professor CREASY's "History of the Ottoman Turks," and the third volume of Lord JOHN RUSSELL's "Memoirs and Correspondence of Charles James Fox;" also a book of travel by Mrs. YOUNG (late Mrs. POSTANS), entitled "Our Camp in Turkey, and the Way to it." From Paternoster-row the promises fall thick. "The Works of Arago" translated by four dis-

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tinguished linguists, viz., W. H. SMYTH, Esq.; the Rev. BADEN POWELL, Lieut.-Col. SABINE, and ROBERT GRANT, Esq.; "Memoirs and Writings of James Montgomery," by JOHN HOLLAND and JAMES EVERETT; "Thirty Years of Foreign Policy," by the author of "The Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli, M.P., a Literary and Political Biography." Another volume of MATTHEW ARNOLD's Poems may be shortly expected; some old, but many new. Mr. MURRAY announces the third volume of "Peter Cunningham's edition of Johnson's Lives."

Among the best literary promises for the ensuing spring is one of a complete edition of Lord BROUGHAM's works, edited by himself. The noble Lord is even now engaged upon the task, for Messrs. GRIFFIN, of Glasgow. The volumes are to issue quarterly, and the first may be expected early in the spring. Commercial literature has lately received some very valuable contributions. Among these may be honourably named Mr. LEONE LEVI's "Manual of the Mercantile Law of Great Britain." Mr. LEVI has a great reputation as a commercial lawyer, and is well known for his celebrated plan of codification. The Decimal Coinage question finds an able commentator, and the penny-piece a powerful advocate, in Mr. T. W. RATHBONE: Dr. J. E. GRAY, of the British Museum (an authority upon numismatics), has rendered valuable assistance to Mr. RATHBONE in his task. Mr. T. C. WILDMAN edits a compilation of the Consolidated Orders and Minutes of the Board of Customs; and Mr. R. BROWNING, in "A Few Observations on the New Stamp Act," points out the manifold defects of that legal riddle. Mr. BROWNING declares that modern Acts of Parliament are framed "in such unintelligible jargon that no one can interpret their meaning," and most plain-thinking men will be inclined to agree with him.

The world of journalism seems to be in a state of transition. The long-talking of sale of the *Morning Chronicle* is at last completed, and the name of a learned Serjeant is mentioned in connection with the purchase. An entire change in the personnel of the journal is spoken of. The editorship of the *Daily News*, vacant by the lamented death of Mr. F. K. HUNT, is not yet filled up. The *Field*, a sporting paper, founded nearly two years ago under the auspices of Mr. MARK LEMON, and which addresses itself to the sympathies and tastes of the higher ranks of the sporting world, has lately changed hands, and is appearing under highly-improved management. It is henceforth to comprehend within its range of topics the wide subjects of gardening and agriculture. This will be an immense stride beyond its original scheme. Hitherto the *Gardeners' Chronicle* has enjoyed a monopoly of the gardening class, and is understood to have given great dissatisfaction to many of that body.

Agriculture will be treated in a more popular manner than by the *Economist*. Besides all this, it will include all the features of a general newspaper. There is ample room; and it is to be hoped that *The Field* will accomplish that which it will strive to deserve—success. Another change of proprietary is spoken of—that of *The Empire*. This journal (as will be remembered) grew out of *Tullis's Weekly Paper*, and appeared under its present form about a year ago. Since that it has rapidly grown in public favour, and the stamp-returns prove a rapid and progressive increase in the circulation. The transfer of the property is understood to proceed from causes quite removed from its commercial position. *Diogenes* has lately been in trouble, and has got out of its difficulty by a frank admission of its error. Because one of the local papers had seen fit to attack the system of levying Easter-dues at Preston, *Diogenes* thought fit to publish a personal attack upon the vicar of that parish. The vicar applied for a criminal information, and *Diogenes* was fain to apologise and pay costs. Some will perceive, in the refusal to show fight on the part of *Diogenes*, an additional reason for believing that that periodical is now in the hands of the Peace Society. While referring to *Diogenes*, it is not uninteresting to study the rapidity with which the contagious disease of personality is spreading throughout the press, and with what unblushing effrontery journalists prostitute their public duties to the gratification of their private revenge. Everybody knows that a certain dramatist produced a play at a certain theatre, and that the piece was eminently unsuccessful—in fact, "not to put too fine a point on it," was damned. Everybody knows that the aforesaid dramatist is also the editor of a certain popular journal; and everybody has seen that that popular journal has lately devoted its energies to the abuse of the aforesaid manager. Add to this that everybody knows that the dramatic-journalist, or journalistic-dramatist (as the case may be) is principal contributor to a certain satirical publication; and it is also known that that publication is continually leveling missiles at the head of that persecuted manager—missiles which (like Beauchamp's sarcasms upon Johnson) are offensive, not on account of their force, but of their intention. So far the squabble is very petty, and very unworthy great dramatists and journalists; but now another interest comes into the field. A satirical periodical, rival to that before referred to, throws the axis of its impenetrable wit over the persecuted manager, who damned the piece that was writ by the man who writes in the paper that *Diogenes* has no particular love for. Yet we find "journals of the leading-classes" congratulating "leading class-journals" upon their independence of

that etiquette which keeps a journalist within the boundaries of good manners. Perhaps, after all, it would be better to revert to the French plan of settling these little editorial difficulties—pistols for two in the Bois de Boulogne. At any rate, the public would escape being bored and disgusted with the details of these unimportant quarrels; and perhaps there might be the additional advantage of getting rid of at least one very quarrelsome fellow.

The obituary of the past fortnight includes some most distinguished names—one particularly of high literary significance. JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART died at Abbotsford, on the 26th ult. What memories do not the name of the dead and the place of his death evoke? The son-in-law of SCOTT, the Editor of the *Quarterly*—the one, perhaps his only title to glory; the other, his greatest title to shame. As an original writer, LOCKHART did nothing to dignify his memory. The "Life of Scott" did equal injury to the subject and to the author, by the calumny of an honourable family, the Ballantynes. None of his novels have become standard. Who now reads "Valerius," "Reginald Dalton," "Adam Blair," or "Gilbert Earle"? His translations from the Spanish make up the sum of his original labours. Nor will the memory of his critical judgments entitle him to the respect of posterity. A man who had a snarl for all, and a good word for none; who persecuted the weak, and maligned the powerless; who ignored every good feeling and every kindly sympathy with his fellows; a literary bully, who never was so happy as when he could display his prowess upon some one far less than himself—LOCKHART has left behind him little beside a crowd of literary animosities. Yet this man had a clear intellect, a nervous, vigorous brain. But he wanted heart.

Professor EDWARD FORBES, too, is gone—a man whose science was of world-wide celebrity, a subject for national pride. At the early age of thirty-nine, after a life spent in augmenting the stock of human knowledge, he has passed away without leaving an enemy behind him. His works on Zoology, Botany, and Geology are numerous and various; but the scientific reader needs not to be reminded of their names.

Another name erased from the list of contemporary men of letters is that of Mr. FREDERICK KNIGHT HUNT, the late editor of the *Daily News*. A self-educated man, he devoted the energy of an able and industrious mind to the press. The surgical profession was adopted, under the impression that some profession was necessary, and journalism was none. This was a mistake; for it tends to strengthen the erroneous but prevalent impression, that no one becomes a journalist until he has failed in every other capacity.

L.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

The Sphere and Duties of Government. Translated from the German of Baron WILHELM VON HUMBOLDT, by JOSEPH COULTHARD, jun. London: John Chapman.

England: since the Accession of Queen Victoria. By EDWARD H. MICHELSEN, Phil. D. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black.

THE first of these two books is admirable; and the second is far from contemptible. The difference of their characters is the difference of nations. Can a German subside into the concrete, or can an Englishman rise to the abstract? We go as naturally to the former for our principles, as we go to the latter for our facts. Wilhelm von Humboldt and Edward H. Michelsen hold accordingly in this instance *divisum imperium*. The one is a theorist, the other a statistician. There lies Utopia; and here its approximation—England under Queen Victoria. Alas! if the land of Peel and Cobden be but Lubber-land when tested side by side with Plato's or More's republic, let us still be thankful for what we have, and not lose sight of the Golden Year in the distance.

There is a freshness about the first of these books which, from the nature of the subject, must not be expected in the second. Principles may be poetised, as facts may be dramatised. But it is more difficult to dramatise facts than to poetise principles. Whatever has passed out of sight or not yet come into sight has just that proper amount of obscurity which, if Burke be right, is an indispensable element of the sublime. Yet ragged-schools and public washhouses are something better still; but even Mr. Dickens cannot beautify the useful coarse reality. Thus it ever

is with the actual. The moment we attempt to make the intrinsically homely a subject of æstheticism, we are betrayed into palpable exaggeration and absurdity. It is ever thus with the visible and the external. The senses falsify the illusions of the sensibility. Such, at least, is the condition of their equilibrium. You may raise or depress either branch of the antithesis, and so produce infinite modifications of the unreal. The æsthetic element may be so completely merged in the sensual, that nothing may be seen but a world of vampires, where mutual bloodsucking takes the form of philanthropy. Again, the sensual element may be so unfairly depressed, that fantasy, from mere lack of counterpoise, will float necessarily in a vague atmospheric hallucination of optimism, where the—to healthy eyes—actual looms ridiculously through the distorting mist of the desirable. The important thing is to keep the two provinces definitely separate until they are duly amalgamated. If we attempt to bridge over the gulf by proclaiming a unity and an identity which do not exist, we damage both causes seriously. If we announce the perfect as actual, or the actual as perfect, *Punch* is the only proper critic of such philosophy. In fact, the burlesque is universally the modern test, and perhaps the best test, of moral truth. Ridicule becomes itself ridiculous as well as revolting, when it aims at subduing the true sublime or the true beautiful. But there is a vast chaos of maudlin sentiment and the mock sublime, where its services are inestimable. Only the genuine can endure; and as long as we do not fall from the Scylla of hypocrisy into the Charybdis of brutality, we hope the disrobing powers will be carried to the utmost limits of decency. So will

mind have her true dominion, and matter its proper province. So will ideas become organised in institutions, and institutions spiritualised by ideas.

Therefore it is that we like to see two such books as those which head our notice, appearing simultaneously, and marching hand in hand. Yonder is the archetype; and here is the imperfect likeness, as shaped by the hands of weak but earnest men. We have toiled at it and slaved at it generation after generation. It was long before we knew what we were about, or what we would be at. There were sad digressions—retreats and absolute routs. Centuries came and went, and did and undid the work like Penelope's web. The principles were bad; but the practice was infinitely worse. And yet, as men enter a besieged town after a devastating cannonade—first one, then two, three, a dozen, are in and up the breach: so nations, one by one, and then in confederacies, have at length, we trust, surmounted the chief difficulties—found the right path—and, with God's blessing, may hope to go on their way rejoicing.

Of Queen Victoria's subjects, in their stout-hearted progress towards the millennium, we shall say but little. Unless the self-satisfied convictions of the present are grossly wrong, we do not apprehend that the philosophers of the future will charge them with either want of zeal or want of discretion in what they have done. The history of England during the last seventeen years is satisfactory and encouraging. We might have done more perhaps, without running risk of effecting less; but the retrospect is a proud one. We have no wish, however, to touch on political grounds, or to offend either obstructives, destruc-

tives, or constructives. But if tendencies are guides to principles, or in any way illustrative of them, it will not be time quite thrown away, if, with Bishop Butler, we state facts and leave the inferences to our readers.

Now the first startling truth is that, although George III. pensioned Burke for denouncing that terrible Revolution to which all the earlier principles of the orator were leading him, we have really been reaping where its agents sowed. What the Revolution has done for France will hardly be told distinctly in our time; but what it has done for England is manifest in Catholic Emancipation, Representative Reform, and Free Trade. It is true that these facts fall far short of the principles of the National Assembly; but it is equally true that they stand as far beyond the Parliamentary principles of England in 1791. It was at this date that Wilhelm von Humboldt—smitten, but not like the rest of the world misled, by the eloquence of the "Contrat Social"—thought that the time had arrived for considering the principle on which the world would have to be governed in future. He wrote on the confines of that positive era which has ever since been developing itself. Old things were passing away: all things were becoming new. Men's minds were unnaturally racked by their hopes and their fears; but the tension and the agony gave something of a prophetic character to the views of more than one illustrious man. They saw the evil of their own days; but they looked beyond, and saw the good of their children's days. Half the prophecy of Wilhelm von Humboldt has accomplished itself in England in half a century. Is there anything very improbable in the supposition that the other half will accomplish itself during the remaining half of the same century?

Shall we halt or go on? Shall we say, Thus far and no farther? or join the democrats in proclaiming the utility and danger of half-measures? On either side the advocate's store of commonplaces is inexhaustible. Yet, to go back were as tedious as to go on. Again, retreat, whether politic or not, would appear to be impracticable. Yet onwards rises the phantom of such a democracy as Cicero foresaw on the eve of the civil wars: the supremacy of a people; confusion, anarchy, and the reaction to despotism. Can we return to the glorious constitution of 1688, and reconstitute Old Sarum? Shall we joyfully behold arts and commerce die, while God preserves our old nobility? There are certain obvious objections even to such a panacea. Shall we not then, at least remain where and as we are? It might be well to suffer a little, or even a great wrong, in order to secure the peaceable possession and transmission of manifold blessings. But progress or decay are the laws of physical being. A nation can no more be kept till to-morrow exactly where it is to-day, than the separate atoms of animal or vegetable matter can be permanently checked in their tendencies to incessant flux. Cooling diet and regular habits will repress for a time the constitutional bias in the one case; and gentle administration will hide a multitude of sinful principles in the other case. But, at last, the blood will out, and the man will die. Even the most sober and best regulated communities have to admit the justice of philosophical homilies on the shortness of political life; and the legislator and coming man have yet to be found who are provided with an Elixir or Parr's Life Pill, that shall guarantee the perennial existence, or even the longevity, of such a hale constitution as the British. When the legislature shall become more corrupt than the executive, then—said Montesquieu a century since—then will the English Constitution perish. When from reform we lapse into revolution, then we must expect to be verging on that era. Are we arriving at it? We think not. We think that even political reform has a fair and prosperous journey before it; and that we may look far on into the ages before we need apprehend that we are arriving at that of a Diocletian or even of an Augustus. But the common-sense of Englishmen, while it remains far from indifferent to the great questions of political reform, has long been directing itself—by a wise intuition—to the more pressing questions of administrative and social reform. We are satisfied with the general recognition of equal rights; but we want to see that recognition converted into the practical diffusion of equal privileges.

It is in this point of view that we recommend the early treatise of Wilhelm von Humboldt. It is no extravagant Social Contract—no prepos-

terous essay on the Rights of Man. The German, doubtless, had these works in view; but he left them constantly behind, and soared far beyond their scope.

Of one of many doctrines, let us take one which forms the basis of his views, and of all modern political science. It is the theory of individual development.

There is no point in which the spirit of modern republics differs more from the spirit of ancient republics than in the different value which has been set on the personal welfare of their members. Greece and Rome recognised a national life, but neither cared for nor conceived the rights of individual lives. Enslaved vassals, imprisoned fathers, widowed wives, and starving orphans, were facts and ideas which, considered with respect to the sufferers, were unimportant, and beneath the dignity of the State's consideration; but, considered with reference to the aggregate welfare of the community, might or might not be, according to circumstances, of considerable importance. Sympathy with men as human beings and fellow-creatures was unknown; but sympathy with men as Athenian or Roman citizens was ever vigilant and active. The difference of the sentiment is incalculable. It made men docile and masterly machines for legislative purposes; and it made the domestic and social affections, the kindly charities of man to man as such, an idea as unfamiliar and as inconceivable as it is to the stoicism of North American Indians. The men who died so nobly for their country at Thermopylæ and Charonea—the men who stabbed themselves at Utica and Philippi rather than survive the freedom of their country—were men, indeed, of that high order whose patriotism rose far above the most refined forms of selfishness; but it was patriotism which was more apt at general than particular philanthropy. No sacrifice was in their estimation too great for the intact preservation of a lofty idea; but every sacrifice was unreasonable and contemptible which aimed merely at the homely task of rescuing a family from destitution, or an outcast from despair. As a system of national conservatism, the moral and political philosophies of the ancients were externally perfect. Even Christianity has not propounded nobler principles of civic conduct than are found in Aristotle and Plato. But they contained from the first their own self-terminating principle of death. They attempted to establish a community on principles which may perhaps be the principles of reason, but certainly are not the principles of human nature. So far as the progress of Christianity is traceable to secular influences, it will be found to consist wholly or chiefly in its supplementary supply of this cardinal deficiency. The commandment and exposition of our duty towards our neighbour are the text of all modern philanthropy. In fact, philanthropy in its common sense is a virtue of purely Christian origin.

In that first era we heard of nothing but the state and the citizen: in this second era we look to the man and the state. It may be that our standard of patriotism has declined; and yet on great occasions it is shown that the same capability of self-sacrifice for great public ends is as strong as it was in the ancient world. But the increasing tendency of the last few generations has been to bring governments back to their first principles. So far as they act up to them by preserving individuals against foreign and domestic aggression, and by allowing them the utmost freedom of personal action that is consistent with personal safety—so far governments receive the gratitude and homage of their subjects. But if a corporate or personal privilege be touched—if an established law be trifled with, or an individual interest endangered—that moment the community, and their mighty instrument the press, are up in arms, and raise the angry cry for retribution or compensation; not because, as formerly, the majesty of the state is endangered, but because the wrong which injures a man to-day may injure his neighbour to-morrow. The spiritual watchwords of abstract right and abstract honour sound daily with less and less acclamation and unanimity. They are spoken indeed; but they are the decencies of traditional custom rather than the spontaneous language of inmost sentiments. In their place we have the deep, silent, and irresistible influence of personal interests—interests which are daily learning the value of co-operation, and which march coolly, methodically, and inflexibly onwards in the path of self-aggrandisement. The mass of national

talent which, under the influence of this one identical aim, has taken advantage of almost unlimited personal freedom to subdivide itself into co-operative or conflicting sections presents a problem at once satisfactory and alarming to men of prospective minds. It is satisfactory to see a mighty nation impressed deeply with the claims of all classes and all men to civic comfort and prosperity. It is satisfactory to see enterprise no longer confined to a class, but spreading upwards to the indolence of aristocracy, and downwards to the indolence of pauperism. We owe this happy state of things to the philosophy and the religion which has taught men to care for each other as such. But if material prosperity tend to harden instead of softening the heart;—if associations take up the principles which governments have dropped, of establishing an unscrupulous antagonism for reducing all to the vassalage of conquering interest;—if egotism is to take the place of nationality, and personal plutocracy of that of personal slavery;—we are disposed to think that, in the course of a few generations, it will be held that the substitution of a Mammon-worship for a God-worship is an inconvenient and political blunder. PHILO.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

The Tricolor on the Atlas; or, Algeria and the French Conquests. By FRANCIS PULSZKY. London: Nelson.

The Jordan and the Rhine; or, the East and the West. Being the result of Five Years' Residence in Syria, and Five Years' Residence in Germany. By the Rev. W. GRAHAM. London: Partridge, Oakey, and Co.

Haps and Mishaps of a Tour in Europe. By GRACE GREENWOOD. London.

THE *Tricolor on the Atlas* is an acknowledged compilation from many sources, partly French, partly German. Mr. Pulszky states in his preface that the Bavarian naturalist, Dr. Moritz Wagner, has distinguished himself among Algerian Tourists, by "the liveliness of his descriptions, the earnestness of his researches, and the frankness with which he has expressed his views." He remained there for three years, and published in 1841 an amusing and instructive account of his journey. Mr. Pulszky has condensed his first volume; translated his second; added an account of later events, from the capture of Constantine to the surrender of Abd-el-Kader, and given a general view of the present state of the French possessions on the north coast of Africa. In this he has largely used the most recent French books on Algeria, and principally an official Blue Book, published by Imperial authority in 1853, entitled "Tableau de la Situation des Etablissements Français dans l'Algérie, 1850-52." The compiler has arranged his rich materials very systematically, and put them together with artistic skill, inasmuch that the work reads as if it were wholly an original composition. Rarely have we seen a compilation so admirably executed; and it will, deservedly, take its place in the library, as the standard English history of the remarkable colony of Algeria.

Mr. Pulszky commences with a description of the city of Algiers, and of native life there; of the neighbourhood; and of the remoter provinces. He then gives a full account of the native races:—the Arabs, the Kabyles, the Moors, the Turks and Kurghlis, the Jews, the Negroes, and the Mozabites—a singular variety to be assembled in so small a country. He concludes with a history of Algeria, from the earliest known times of which any record is preserved to the present.

This is one of its curiosities:—

THE BATHS OF THE ACCURSED.

The way to Hammam-Meskutin (the Baths of the Accursed), over deep ravines and dense thickets, is very difficult. The roaring of the boiling cascade, and the steam rising in clouds from the spring, can be perceived from a considerable distance; but, before arriving in full view of the waters, the eye rests astonished on the numerous sugar-loaf rocks which rise from the even ground like isolated Arab tents. The hue and size of these cones varies from deep grey to the brightest white, and from two feet to twenty; many of them are continually steaming. The Arabs account for this phenomenon by the following tale: "In ancient times a rich and mighty Arab chief lived here, who fell in love with his own sister, and wished to marry her; but Kadi and Marabouts refused to sanction such a union, which is forbidden by the Koran, and accursed by God. Still, bribed by the riches and overawed by the threats of the chief, they at last consented to draw up the marriage-agreement, and to go to the house of the betrothed

in order to partake of the feast. The crowd wished likewise to be present at the festive occasion, and assembled with pipes and drums. Kuskusa was boiled in immense cauldrons, to be distributed not only amongst the guests, but likewise to all the passers by. Music delighted the ears, and dance the eyes of the guests, when God, in just wrath against the godless banquet, hurled his curse on the betrothed, the Kadi, the Marabut, and the assembled crowd. The musicians and dancing-girls were all transformed into stones, and these are the conical rocks which cover the springs of Hammam-Meskutin. The highest cone is the Marabut, who had ratified the incest. The crowd fled from the scene of desolation, but the curse reached them on their way—they were turned into rocks; and you see them in the indented cliffs which tower above the bed of the Wad-el-Meskutin. The boiling cauldrons, where the meal was prepared, were accursed to boil for ever; and it is from them that the steam issues which we see here. The sulphureous smell announces from afar that this is an accursed spot, and that the wrath of God is to reach all those who drink from those waters—called, therefore, Hammam-Meskutin, the Bath of the Accursed." For us the natural causes of those rock-cones were less romantic, though more instructive. The boiling water, which in different parts of the valley spouts from the soil, contains a considerable quantity of carbonate of lime, which is deposited on the ground when the water evaporates. In this way a calcareous stratum, of whitish-rosy hue, is formed around the mouth of the spring. By-and-by the waterspout deposits new strata, raising the mouth, and increasing the diameter of the lower portion by dripping down. In this way those cones increase in size, until at last the spout obstructs the outlet on the top of the pyramid, and the water is forced to seek a new outlet. Commander Levallant, who, on his sporting excursions, had often visited the valley, was once present at such a new eruption of water. It had at that moment 80 degs. Reaumur (212 degs. Fahrenheit). In other places I found the heat 70 degs. All over the valley we see rocks of a quite recent formation—those next to the spring being white as snow, soft, and consisting of pure carbonate of lime.

Here is a sketch of

THE CITY OF ALGIERS.

Algiers consists of two great parts. The lower portion begins at the port, and extends to the old palace of the Dey, which is situated almost in the centre of the town. The majority of the inhabitants are here Europeans, living in nice houses. The three principal streets are: Marine-street, leading from the port to the large market-place; Bab-a-Zun, leading through the gate of the same name to the country east of Algiers, and to the camps of Mustapha and Kaba; and the street Bab-el-Wad, which likewise leads from the large market-place, in a western direction, to the gate Bab-el-Wad (water-gate). These three streets are the only ones where carriages can pass, being just wide enough for two carriages. Most of the houses are new; their juttings form vaulted arcades, which cover a continued row of neat troitours, in the style of the Rue Rivoli, in Paris, shielding the passengers from sun and rain. A great number of dark alleys, which only allow a couple of persons to pass, intersect the three principal streets in all directions; the greatest portion bears French names. The upper part of the town is dark, angular, and irregular. The narrow streets ascend so steeply, that every walk gives ample opportunity for climbing, most trying to elderly people. In rainy weather, it is impossible to descend the Citadel-street, which leads through this upper part, without incessant stumbling and falling. A visit to the elevated portion of Algiers, which is occupied almost exclusively by natives, proves at such times a serious expedition. Yet, if we get familiar with the climate of Algiers, we also soon grow reconciled to the narrowness of its streets, which are rarely more than four feet in width. In summer, when the sun's rays are glowingly reflected from the rocks, and in winter, when the floods of rain wash the stones, one always walks cool and dry over the town, shielded from heat and wet by the architecture of the houses, as the upper storeys of the buildings project over the lower floors, in the same way and even more than we see in the ancient English towns. No doubt this style makes the street dark; but yields shade and cover, which is of special benefit in this latitude to all persons inclined to intermittent fevers. All the older houses are built in the well-known Moorish style, though not so grand as in the Alhambra and other ancient Moorish buildings in southern Spain; yet its form is attractive and pleasing. The outside of these houses is very plain—in fact, in streets so narrow, a stately façade, if it existed, could not be viewed; besides, they have only small grated holes for windows. But inside they strike by their architecture, which is as comfortable and nice as it is magnificent and dazzling. A hall, supported by columns, leads to a stair, the walls of which are covered with gaudy glazed pottery; passing this, we get into the hall within, a square usually paved with marble, and inclosed by a colonnade, which admits the light from above. Another stair leads to an upper colonnade, which, like the lower, runs all round the hall, and conducts to four apartments. In wealthier houses there is a fountain, or a basin for bathing, or a grove

of orange-trees in the middle of the hall, which, as mentioned, receives the light from above; and, as the Moors had no glass ceiling, the rain freely fell into the hall, which certainly made the apartments often damp. Many French had constructed glass roofs, which prevent this nuisance, yet likewise deprive the hall of its airy freshness. Such is the construction of all the houses in Algiers. The mansion of the wealthy differs from the abode of the poor only in size, and the sumptuousness of the ornamental arrangements.

The Rev. W. Graham introduces his *Jordan and the Rhine* with an elaborate preface on the war, in which he appears to be against everybody. He is for arresting the progress of Russia, but also for turning out the Turks, whom he views as hopeless infidels, and as a doomed race. He denies that religious liberty exists in Turkey. He looks upon Mahomedanism as an invincible obstacle to civilisation. He is of opinion, nevertheless, that Russia is only a degree better, and the Greek Church only one degree removed from heathenism. What, therefore, does he desire? Primarily the rousing of Italy, Hungary, and Poland; then, perhaps, the transfer of Turkey to the Christian races, under the protection of France and England. But these grave questions are only raised incidentally. His immediate purpose in this volume is to describe his experiences of a five years' residence in Syria, and a five years' residence in Germany. His work, however, is something more than a narrative, or how could he have filled nearly six hundred large pages? He indulges to an immense extent in disquisition, chiefly on religious topics, suggested by something he has seen; and he endeavours to compare the East with the West, and to strike a balance of advantages. Thus he treats of "Monastic Institutions" in general; of the "Modern Deists;" of "Liturgies in the Church;" and so forth—so mingling reflection and observation, that it is extremely difficult, even for the purpose of extract, to separate the one, which we very much dislike because out of place, from the other, which properly belongs to the theme of the book. In few words, the fault of this volume is too much sermonising. In an avowed essay or sermon these treatises would have been acceptable, for they are sometimes ingenious, and always imbued with a pious spirit; but they are mere impertinences in a book of travels. If he had written all like the following, we should have had only praise to bestow upon him.

AN INTERIOR IN DAMASCUS.

But come now into the *Rooms* of our Damascus house, and let us survey the arrangements of the Moslem habitations. The floor is of two levels: the first or lowest, into which you enter, contains a fountain with several spouts of water, is paved with marble, has racks for pipes, recesses in the walls for nargelies, cups, &c., and other conveniences for the household. Here the slaves wait the will of their masters, and here you put off the slippers before you ascend to the second level, where the mats are spread and the family sitting. Over this fountain is suspended from the highest part of the ceiling a chandelier, with a great many little glass lamps, whose various lights, mingling with the waters and reflected from them, produce a very beautiful effect. The second level is twelve or eighteen inches higher than the first, and is the place appropriated to the family; it is often separated from the lower part by a little railing of wood or stone. Mats are spread upon the earthen floor, and round the walls mattresses, three feet or three feet and a half broad, are spread out for the accommodation of the family, upon the mats or upon low wooden frames four or six inches in height. This is customary in Damascus, and adds not a little to the cleanness and comfort of the rooms. Thus, then, you have round the rooms these low wooden frames, upon which the mattresses are spread, and in the angle at the walls a row of pillows stuffed with cotton wool, covered with furniture cotton-cloth from English looms, and sometimes faced with silk damask and velvet. Here you rest in the heat of the day, with your feet drawn up underneath you and your body reclining against the cushions, and here too you sleep with a coverlet thrown over you, for separate bedrooms are unknown. This is your grand reception-room; the place of honour is the corner; the honoured guest sits at the right hand; the position is sitting upon the feet; the attendants are black slaves; the hospitalities are pipes, coffee, sherbet, fruits, sweetmeats, &c., when the dinner hour is not arrived. In Jewish and Christian families these are presented by the mistress of the house (John xii. 2); the sweets are all taken by the same spoon, and the lady of the house takes the first sop. The slave, in presenting anything, lays his hand upon his heart, and in reply to your commands says, "Upon my head and upon my eye," which means—To hear is to obey; if I fail, let me lose the head and the eye. But you have spoken of mats on the floor, and divans round the walls. What is the furniture of our room? There is

none; chairs and tables are wanting; pianos, organs and ottomans are wanting, and all those elegant little which, under the tasteful arrangement of the European lady, set off a room so much. The whole centre of the room is empty; the air has free liberty to circulate; and the imagination is gratified by lofty ceilings and a large vacant space. There are no fires nor fire-places in these rooms; indeed, the chimney is a new invention. The Greeks and Romans had none of them; no trace of them is discoverable in Herculaneum and Pompeii; ancient painting and sculpture are silent on this point; nor has any one passage been discovered in the literature of antiquity which refers to, or expresses the idea of, a chimney. In the winter season you heat these Damascus rooms with the mongol, viz., a chafing-dish filled with red-hot charcoal placed before you on the floor. The windows have shutters, are generally without glass, and always without curtains and blinds. Clocks are not used in the houses, as the public crier announces the hour from the mosque, yet most people wear Grecian or Constantinople watches. The walls have neither paintings nor pictures, as the Moslems avoid the very appearance of idolatry; at the height of twenty feet or so, there is a framework of wood round the entire room, which seems to be a mere custom, and without any use; it is about a foot and a half broad, and the wealthy Mohammedans often place upon it a row of very costly large old china bowls. There are no banks for money; silver bars are easily stolen; and hence not a little of the extra wealth is treasured up in merchants' houses in the shape of old china. Time does not injure it, and there is always a ready price for it in the market. Beneath this framework the room is ornamented with beautiful broad panels of finely-carved wood, upon which sentences from the Koran, or lines from the ancient poets, are written in large raised letters of gold, with great ingenuity and exquisite taste. Indeed, in penmanship, the Orientals far surpass us; sometimes the entire room, from the framework down, is wainscotted with cedar-wood, and cut, paneled, and carved with immense labour and in every conceivable form. This adds more to the beauty than the comfort of the rooms, inasmuch as the woodwork instantly becomes the habitation or camp of innumerable squadrons of bugs, who attack you without mercy, and which no human ingenuity has yet been able to banish. The doors of these rooms all open into the court, and never into one another; the windows do the same, and are strongly grated with iron bars—a significant hint to troublesome ladies and disobedient slaves! The ceilings are lofty and ornate; beautiful carving, interspersed with numerous little looking-glasses, relieves and gratifies the eye; and very often the circular centre-piece is composed of massive embossment, in which a gigantic serpent, displaying its beautiful folds and glancing eyes, seems ready to spring upon you. Let the sun now shed his golden beams through the upper windows, which are of beautiful stained glass; let the golden letters in panels upon the walls appear in their beauty; let hundreds of little looking-glasses above and around you reflect and multiply every object and movement; place a number of richly-clothed Turks, with long beards and flowing robes, upon the divan amidst soft mattresses and velvet cushions, with long pipes in their mouths; add to all this the unceasing murmur of falling waters—and you have a scene really beautiful and truly Oriental. This, however, is a fine Damascus room, and you are not to suppose that all the others are like it, save in the general outlines; on the contrary, most of the houses and rooms, courts and passages, are mean and filthy in the last degree, and give you a very low idea of the comfort and civilisation of the land.

Grace Greenwood is the literary name assumed by Miss Clarke, a handsome and spirited young American lady, who two years ago spent a summer in England and wintered in Rome with Miss Cushman, the tragedian, and another friend, where they enjoyed themselves exuberantly. She was a contributor to the American magazines before her visit, so that she came, as it were, pen in hand, not merely to see, but with purpose to take notes of what she saw, and to print them. Nevertheless, it must be said to her honour that she takes no unfair advantages of her cordial receptions into private life, and that her gossip about persons and things is limited to subjects that fall fairly within the range of public commentary. She writes in a lively magazine-style; and we believe that the contents of this volume have already appeared in one of the periodicals. We glean, therefore, but a few passages, preferring her sketches of persons.

DICKENS.

He is rather slight, with a fine symmetrical head, spiritedly borne, and eyes beaming alike with genius and humour. Yet, for all the power and beauty of those eyes, their changes seemed to me to be from light to light. I saw in them no profound, pathetic depths, and there was around them no tragic shadowing. But I was foolish to look for these on such an occasion, when they were very properly left in the author's study, with pens, ink, and blotting-paper, and the last written pages of "Bleak House."

COBDEN.

In the evening I took tea quietly with Mr. and Mrs. Cobden, to whom I had brought letters. Richard Cobden I found to be, personally, all that his noble political course and high-toned eloquence had led me to expect. He is most kindly and affable in manner, converses earnestly and thoughtfully, though with occasional flashes of humour and nice touches of satire. He seems full of life and energy, and will, I trust, yet answer all the great hopes the people have reposed in him.

BARRY CORNWALL.

I found this prince of song-writers a most agreeable person, a little shy and reserved at first, but truly genial and kindly at heart, and with a vein of quaint humour running through his quiet, low-toned talk.

DISRAELI.

Yesterday Mr. Cobden did me the kindness to show me the Houses of Parliament. He first introduced me into the gallery of the House of Commons, behind that Turkish barbarism the lattice-work screen; where I beheld, "as through a glass darkly," a few scattered M.P.'s—some sitting bolt upright, some lounging on long green benches, leisurely legislating, with their hats on. The speaking was brief, conversational, and common-place. Mr. Disraeli spoke for about a quarter of an hour, on the affair of the expulsion of the missionaries from Austria. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has a look decidedly and darkly Hebraic. When I say this, I must confess that I have in my eye the modern Abraham, who lends money to fast young men with handsome expectations, or the modern Moses, who presides at the pawnbroker's counter, rather than the faithful patriarch of old, or the wise lawgiver, leader, and feeder of Israel. The face wears to me no high character, but is cold, politic, and subtle in expression. I could only see the sentimental exquisite who penned Henrietta Temple in the dainty waistcoat and spiral black curls of the Chancellor.

A PARTY AT CHARLES DICKENS'S.

Next to me at table sat Walter Savage Landor—a glorious old man, full of fine poetic thought and generous enthusiasm for liberty. Opposite sat Charles Kemble and his daughter Adelaide, Madame Sartoris. At the other end of the table were Herr Devrient, the great German actor, Barry Cornwall and his wife, a daughter of Mrs. Basil Montague. Charles Kemble is a grand-looking old man, animated and agreeable in conversation, and preserving to a wonderful degree his enthusiasm for a profession around which he and his have thrown so much of glory. In Adelaide Sartoris you recognise at a glance one of that royal family of Kemble, born to rule, with a power and splendour unsurpassable, the realm of tragic art. Herr Devrient is a handsome, Hamlet-ish man, with a melancholy refinement of voice, face, and manner, touching and poetic to a degree, though not quite the thing for a pleasant evening party.

A LITERARY GROUP.

I have spent a delightful evening with Mary Howitt—a charming, true-hearted woman, as she has unconsciously written herself down in her books. The poet Allie Watts was present, and the painter Margaret Gillies. Mary Howitt the younger, a beautiful, natural girl, is an artist of rare talent and poetic spirit. I have also met the authoress Mrs. Crowe, a very interesting and genial person, who, if she has a "night side" to her "nature," never turns it on her friends.

We conclude with a livelier sketch:—

ARTISTS' MODELS IN ROME.

I am a good deal interested and amused by the professional models who "most do congregate" on the great flight of steps leading up to the Trinità di Monti from the Piazza di Spagna. There are often to be seen picturesque and varied groups, and single figures of striking character. Handsome peasant women, with charming brown babies—wild, long-haired boys from the mountains—raven-bearded young men and snowy-headed old men—and coquetish young girls, with flashing eyes and dashing costumes. There is one grand-looking old man, with a bounteous white beard, who is said to do a great business in the saintly and patriarchal line. He is a multitudinous Moses, and inexhaustible St. Joseph, and the pictorial stock Peter of many seasons. There is also a powerful, handsome, dark, and terrible-looking fellow, who does the brigand and bravo. These various candidates for artistic favour seem to have the most social and agreeable relations with each other—indeed, I have remarked the patriarch chatting and laughing with the brigand in a familiar manner, scarcely in keeping with his own venerable character. But, let an artist or two ascend the steps, and, presto! the dark-eyed young girls cease their idle gossip, and spring into position—look archly or mournfully over the left shoulder, or with clasped hands modestly contemplate the pavement; the pretty peasant woman snatches up the baby she had left to creep about at its own sweet will, and bends over it tender and Madonna-like; while, at a word from her, a skin-clad little shepherd boy drops his game of pitch-penny, and takes up his rôle of St. John. Perhaps a dark, dignified, but somewhat rheumatic old woman, with her head wrapped up in a brown cloth, makes a modest venture of herself as St. Anna; while the fine old man I have described makes the most of the comparatively unimportant character of St. Joseph, or, separating himself entirely from the group,

looks authoritative as Moses, or inspired as Isaiah, or resolute as Peter. The handsome bravo or brigand gives a fiercer twist to his moustache, slouches his pointed black hat, appears to be concealing a dagger under his brown cloak or on the point of drawing an imaginary pistol from his belt, sets his teeth, scowls, and cultivates the diabolical generally in attitude and expression. It is altogether a very amusing and skilful piece of canvassing.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

The Angel in the House: the Betrothal. London: J. W. PARKER and SON.

HERE is a book which will, sooner or later, we venture to predict, attract much attention from the readers of English poetry. The subject of the poem, of which the present volume of 200 pages contains the first part, is of high and general interest, ancient as the human race, yet here displayed with a glow of novelty and in freshest beauty. The subject is connubial love, and the author's view of it is clear, profound, noble, and religious. His style, too, is remarkable; his imagery original, distinct, and faithful to nature; his diction pure, close, exact; and his versification so carefully managed and sustained as to indicate (what, indeed, he tells us in so many words) that he has not laboured without the hope of living in his verse "To be delight to future days." Such ambition is not unfrequently expressed—it costs nothing to declare it; but it is rarely, indeed, that the reviewer meets with a book whose pretensions to immortality are so supported by marks of extraordinary merit as in the present case. Our praise takes a high tone; but it merely represents the result in our mind of a deliberate and repeated examination of the book, out of respect to the dignity and honesty of which we are careful to subdue rather than exaggerate these expressions of approval.

The Angel in the House (the title and subject, by the way, of some tender and touching lines of Leigh Hunt's), of course means a good wife. The present portion of the poem (*The Betrothal*) consists of twelve divisions and a prologue and epilogue, each division being subdivided into an idyl, which carries on the narrative, and several pieces of various lengths, called "The Accompaniments," which are most part didactic and reflective, on the themes of love, courtship, and the feminine character. The metre throughout is octosyllabic, with alternate rhymes. Here is the beginning of the first idyl:

Once more I came to Sarum Close,
With joy half memory half desire,
And breathed the sunny wind that rose
And blew the shadows o'er the Spire,
And toss'd the lilac's scented plumes,
And sway'd the chestnut's thousand cones,
And fill'd my nostrils with perfumes,
And shaped the clouds in waifs and zones,
And waited down the serious strain
Of Sarum bells, when, true to time,
I reach'd the Dean's, with heart and brain
That trembled to the trembling chime.

'Twas half my home six years ago:
The six years had not alter'd it:
Red-brick and ashlar, long and low,
With dormers and with oriel's lit;
Geranium, lychins, rose array'd
The windows, all wide open thrown;
And some one in the Study play'd
The Wedding-March of Mendelssohn.
And there it was I last took leave:
'Twas Christmas: I remember'd now
The cruel girls, who feign'd to grieve,
Took all the Christmas down; and how
The laurel into blades woke
The fire, lighting the large, low room,
A dim, rich lustre of old oak
And crimson velvet's glowing gloom.

Here are portraits of the Dean's three daughters—amongst whom our friend seems very likely to discover his Angel by-and-by. But which is she?

Was this her eldest, Honor, the prude
Who would not let me pull the swing;
Who, kiss'd at Christmas, call'd me rude,
And sobb'd alone, and would not sing?
How changed! In shape no more a Grace,
But Venus: milder than the dove:
Her mother's air; her Norman face;
Her large sweet eyes, clear lakes of love.
Mary I knew. In former time
Ailing and pale, she thought that bliss
Was only for a better chime,
And, heavenly overmuch, seem'd this.
I, rash with theories of the right,
Which stretch'd the tether of my Creed,
But did not break it, held delight
Half discipline. We disagreed.
She told the Dean I wanted grace.
Now she was kindest of the three,
And two wild roses deck'd her face.
And, what, was this my Mildred, she
To herself and all a sweet surprise?
My Pet, who romp'd and roll'd a hoop?
I wonder'd where those daisy eyes
Had found their touching curve and droop.

And here are the concluding lines—very beautiful ones, surely?—of this first idyl:

And, pleased, we talk'd the old days o'er;
And, parting, I for pleasure sigh'd:
To be there as a friend, (since more,)
Seem'd then, seems still, excuse for pride;
For something that abode endued
With temple-like repose, an air
Of life's kind purposes pursued
With order'd freedom sweet and fair.
A tent pitch'd in a world not right
It seem'd, whose inmates, every one,
On tranquil faces bore the light
Of duties beautifully done.
And humbly, though they had few peers,
Kept their own laws, which seem'd to be
The fair sum of six thousand years'
Traditions of civility.

Of this poem, as a whole, the substance is well digested, the style equable and pure, the diction pregnant and unsuperfluous; and it contains so many separable passages which express valuable thought with refined and accurate brevity, as to deserve, were it on that account only, an immediate acknowledgment of extraordinary merit. It is a text-book of chaste love. Here are some extracts which are worthy of a place in men's everyday memories:

He meets, by heavenly chance express,
His destined wife: some hidden hand
Unveils to him that loveliness
Which others cannot understand.

For love of her he cannot sleep;
Her beauty haunts him all the night;
It melts his heart, it makes him weep
For wonder, worship, and delight.

Her great perfections make him grieve,
Refusing him the bliss of bliss,
Which is to give, and not receive.

And everywhere I seem'd to meet
The haunting fairness of her face.

How amiable and innocent
Her pleasure in her power to charm.

This is an exquisite line, for which the author deserves to be presented with a service of plate by the ladies of the empire. Who could have believed that the ugly and often unjust word *vanity* could ever be melted down into so true and pretty and flattering a periphrasis!

Again, how delicately this poet sings of her

Who, mistress of her maiden charms,
At his wild prayer, incredibly
Committed them to his proud arms.

Here is a profound aphorism, admirably illustrated:

'Tis truth (although this truth 's a star
Too deep-enskid for all to see),
As Poets of grammar, Lovers are
The well-heads of morality.

And here a practical hint of the utmost value:

Ah, wasteful woman, she that may
On her sweet self set her own price,
Knowing he cannot choose but pay,
How has she cheapen'd paradise.

We must follow this up with a longer quotation from the same page:

O Queen, awake to thy renown,
Require what 'tis our wealth to give,
And comprehend and wear the crown
Of thy despised prerogative!
I who in manhood's name at length
With glad songs come to abdicate
The gross regality of strength,
Must yet in this thy praise abate,
That through thine erring humbleness
And disregard of thy degree,
Mainly, has man been so much less
Than fits his fellowship with thee.
High thoughts had shaped the foolish brow,
The coward had grasp'd the foolish sword,
The vilest had been great, hadst thou,
Just to thyself, been worth's reward.

Another finely-discriminative stanza:

The lack of lovely pride in her
Who strives to please, my pleasure numbs;
And still the maid I most prefer
Whose care to please with pleasing comes.

The following lines are a complete little poem in themselves:—

An idle Poet, here and there,
Looks round; him but, for all the rest,
The World, unfathomably fair,
Is duller than a witling's jest.
Love wakes men, once a life-time each;
They lift their heavy lids, and look;
And, lo, what one sweet page can teach
They read with joy, then shut the book:
And some give thanks, and some blaspheme,
And most forget; but, either way,
That and the child's unheeded dream
Is all the light of all their day.

We cull a few more from the crowding beauties of thought and phrase:—

LOVE NO FABLE.
The ditties of the knightly time,
The deep-conceiving dreams of youth,
With sweet corroboration chime,
And I believe that love's the truth.

LOVE HIGHER THAN REASON.
If oft, in love, effect lack'd cause,
And cause effect, 'twere vain to soar
Reasons to seek for that which was
Reason itself, or something more.

WOMAN'S FAULTS, EXCUSABLE AND INEXCUSABLE.
Her meek and gentle mood o'erstept
Withers my love, that lightly scans
The rest, and does in her accept
All her own faults, but none of man's.
I have no heart to judge her ill,
Or honour her fair station less,
Who, with a woman's errors, still
Preserves a woman's gentleness.

"LET LOVERS GUARD THEIR STRANGENESS."
Nor fall by courtesies to observe
The space which makes attraction felt.

REMORSE AFTER TEMPTATION.
And, ere I slept, on bended knee
I own'd myself, with many a tear,
Unseasonable, disorderly,
And a deranger of love's sphere;
Gave thanks that, when we stumble and fall,
We hurt ourselves, and not the Truth,
And, rising, found its brightness all
The brighter through the tears of truth.

THE WOOD MAIDEN.
Why fly so fast? Her flatter'd breast
Thanks him who finds her fair and good.

THE ACCEPTED LOVER'S MISGIVING.
But this of making me her lord
Appear'd such passionate excess,
I almost wish'd her state restored,
I almost wish'd she loved me less.

But we must forbear, rich as the mine is, to heap up detached quotations any further. We have expressed our high admiration of the religious spirit and poetic genius which animate this poem. The volume is anonymous; but those who have regarded with interest and attention the more recent blossomings of poetry in our literature cannot fail to assign its authorship to a gentleman to whose name belong several previous performances of unusual promise and merit, but who by the present work bids fair to establish his reputation upon a far broader and higher platform. We allude to Mr. Coventry Patmore, whose first volume of poems, immature and comparatively imperfect as they were, made a distinct and lasting impression upon the minds of many lovers of poetry, especially among the most refined and cultivated of these. The poet's name, we may here observe, having seldom and at long intervals come before the public, has recently been confused with that of his father (Mr. P. G. Patmore), the style and spirit of whose writings are as opposite as could well be conceived from those of the author of *The Angel in the House*. It is quite enough for every writer, and every man, to bear the blame of his own faults and shortcomings; and we trust that this error in identity, having been once for all plainly pointed out, will no longer in any degree interfere with a just and simple consideration of Mr. Coventry Patmore's claims to a seat in our English Parnassus. Thus much it has seemed proper to say of the author personally, inasmuch as his name, though absent from the title, is clearly discernible in other pages of this work—some few of the verses, indeed, having appeared elsewhere with his signature. Who the author is, however, has, we feel, no influence upon our verdict, except it be this—that, had we not been able to make the discovery, our wonder and admiration would doubtless have been much heightened by the zest and curiosity attendant upon the dawn of so beautiful a new star in the heaven of song. The writer's uncommon merits have already, we think, been proved by our extracts. To give our readers a more complete opportunity of forming their own judgment, and also in the belief that we shall gratify every true lover of the muses, we subjoin a few more extended quotations, the first of which we shall take the liberty to entitle:

ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR A WIFE.
We who are married, let us own
A bachelor's chief thought in life
Is, or the fool's not worth a groan,
To win a woman for his wife.
I kept the custom. I confess
I never went to Ball or Fête
Or Show, but in pursuit express
Of my predestinated mate;
And still to me, who still kept sight
Of the sweet chance upon the cards,
Each Beauty blossom'd in the light
Of tender personal regards;
And, in the records of my breast,
Red-letter'd, eminently fair,
Stood sixteen, who, beyond the rest,
Up to that time had been my care:
At Berlin three, one at St. Cloud,
At Chatteris, near Cambridge, one,
At Ely four in London two,
Two at Bowness, in Paris none,
And, last and best, in Sarum three:
But dearest of the whole fair troop,
In judgment of the moment, she
Whose daisy eyes had learn'd to droop.

A RIVAL FEARED.
Restless and sick of long exile
From those sweet friends, I rode to see
The church-repairs; and, after awhile,
Waylaying the Dean, was ask'd to tea.
They introduced the cousin Fred
I'd heard of, Honor's favorite; grave,
Dark, handsome, bluff, but gently bred,
And with an air of the salt wave.
He stared, and gave his hand, and I
Stared too: then down'd we smiles, the shrouds
Of ire, best hid while she was by,
A sweet moon 'twixt her lighted clouds.

WAKING BEFORE DAWN.
I woke at three; for I was bid
To breakfast with the Dean at nine,
And take his girls to Church. I slid
My curtain, found the season fine,
And could not rest, so rose. The air
Was dark and sharp; the roosted birds
Cheep'd, "Here am I, Sweet; are you there?"
On Avon's misty flats the herds
Expected, comfortless, the day,
Which slowly fired the clouds above;
The cock scream'd, somewhere far away;
In sleep the matrimonial dove
Was brooding: no wind waked the wood,
Nor moved the midnight marshy damps,
Nor thrill'd the poplar; quiet stood
The chestnut with its thousand lamps;
The moon shone yet, but weak and drear,
And seem'd to watch, with bated breath,
The landscape, all made sharp and clear
By stillness, as a face by death.

The extracts just given are picturesque and personal; the following exquisite lines—a Psalm, let us call them, of most serious sweetness—form a portion of the didactic and reflective pages:

Discrown'd, dejected, but not lost,
O, sad one, with no more a name
Or place in all the honour'd host
Of maiden and of matron fame,
Grieve on; but, if thou grieve'st right,
'Tis not that these abhor thy state,
Nor wouldst thou lower an inch the height
Which makes thy casting down so great.
Good is thy lot in its distress;
For hearts that verily repent
Are burden'd with impunity,
And comforted by chastisement.
Sweet patience sanctify thy woes!
And doubt not but our God is just,
Albeit unseated thy traitor goes,
And thou art stricken to the dust.
That penalty's the best to bear
Which follows soonest on the sin;
And quill's a game where losers fare
Better than those who seem to win.

We shall conclude our quotations with one from the last division of the poem, describing the successful issue of the courtship:

From little signs, like little stars,
Whose faint impression on the sense
The very looking straight at mars,
Or only seen by confluence;
From instinct of a mutual thought,
Whence sanctity of manners flow'd;
From chance unconscious, and from what
Concealment, overconscious, show'd;
Her wrist's less weight upon my arm,
Her lowlier mien; that match'd with this;
I found, and felt with strange alarm,
I stood committed to my bliss.
I grew assured, before I ask'd,
That she'd be mine without reserve,
And in her unclaim'd graces ask'd,
At leisure, till the time should serve,
With just enough of dread to thrill
The hope, and make it trebly dear;
Thus loath to speak the word to kill
Either the hope or happy fear.

Till once, through lanes returning late,
Her laughing sisters lag'd behind;
And, ere we reach'd her father's gate,
We paused with one presentiment mind;
And, in the dim and perfumed mist,
Their coming stay'd, who, blythe and free,
And very women, loved to assist
A lover's opportunity.

Twice rose, twice died my trembling word:
The faint and frail Cathedral chimes
Spoke time in music, and we heard
The chafers rustling in the limes.
Her dress, that touch'd me where I stood;
The warmth of her confided arm;
Her bosom's gentle neighbourhood;
Her pleasure in her power to charm;
Her look, her love, her form, her touch,
The least seem'd most by blissful turn,
Blissful but that it pleas'd so much,
And taught the wayward soul to yearn.
It was as if a harp with wires
Was traversed by the breath I drew;
And, oh, sweet meeting of desires,
She, answering, own'd that she loved too.

We have withheld our pen from italicising where all is so admirable. We mean exactly what we say, when we assert that the author of *The Angel in the House* has already earned the warm and lasting gratitude of all women, for the profound respect, delicate politeness, and religious chivalry, which are there moulded into a fair poetic form, to the special honour of womanhood. Other poets have written finely and nobly on this theme; but none—in the English language at least—with such definite, continuous, and sustained earnestness and refinement. Those of the rougher sex, too, may well be grateful for these

elevating and purifying thoughts and images. The book deserves to be called *Angel* in another sense besides that which derives itself directly from the subject. It is a messenger of peace and love—the countenance bright, the wings strong, the spirit celestial.

A COMPLETE edition of the *Poetical Works of William Cooper* (Routledge) has been issued in one compact volume, and yet without the use of small type. It is edited by the Rev. R. A. Willmott, who has prefaced it with a very pleasing memoir, full of anecdotes, some of them original. It is well adapted for a school prize.—Two pious sons have printed the poetical compositions of their mother, Mrs. Jane Bruce, under the title of *Poems on Sacred Subjects*. It is stated to be "for private distribution," and how it came to us we do not know, nor whether we are justified in reviewing it; being in doubt, therefore, we prefer not to do so.

FICTION.

THE NEW NOVELS.

Home Life in Russia. By a Russian Nobleman. Revised by the Editor of "Recollections of Siberia." 2 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.
The Last Earl of Desmond: a Historical Romance of 1599-1603. 2 vols. Dublin: Hodges and Smith.

Who is "the Russian Noble" we are not informed; but the preface intimates that he withholds his name, fearing the vengeance of the Czar for having thus revealed the domestic condition of the empire. The story is said to be founded upon fact; but that is a foundation for fiction which varies amazingly in its breadth—it may be the corner-stone, or it may be an insignificant brick. Of more importance is the truthfulness of the scenes depicted, and of the manners described; and these, we are assured, have been correctly represented from the author's memories of his actual experiences. But we have found nothing in it to justify the alleged fear of the Czar; and we cannot help suspecting that this was only the excuse for the anonymous and not the cause.

But this suspicion is strengthened by the fact that the story is not original. Its true author was Nicholas Gogol, a distinguished Russian dramatist, who died in 1852. It was published by him in the form of a play, under the title of "Dead Souls," which was translated into the German; and the present *Home Life in Russia* is only "Dead Souls," with such modifications as were necessary to convert the play into a tale. Can a Russian nobleman really have done this, or has some impostor palmed the plagiarism upon the publishers?

The story in itself is interesting, and it will be found extremely well told in a number of *Chambers's Journal*, published, if we rightly remember, about eighteen months ago. Serfs in Russia are called souls. As was the case formerly with our own peasantry, they are bought and sold with the land, the selling value of which is, of course, regulated by the number of serfs. There is at St. Petersburg a great money-lending establishment, which advances money to landowners on mortgage of their estates with their serfs. The story before us turns upon a swindling transaction, by which a scoundrel, worthy of English or French civilisation, and who could be matched only in London or Paris, buys of an exigent noble his dead serfs, who have been swept away by a pestilence; has them conveyed to him as living; and thus cheats the loan fund to an enormous amount. This is the centre of the plot, with which the usual subordinate incidents and intrigues are mingled in due proportion; and the result is a very readable tale, throwing much light on Russian society;—but the credit of this ought to have been given to the real author, and not taken to himself by an anonymous Russian nobleman.

The preface to *The Last Earl of Desmond* is certainly not calculated to advance the author in the good graces of the reader. It is in very bad taste, affecting an indifference the writer does not feel, and, without a spark of humour, trying to be jocose. For an instance, take the following passage: "I see I have very foolishly drawn up a canon of criticism, which will now be used against myself. I had better run my pen across that part. No I won't. Hang the critics!—let it stand. Fire away, gentlemen." But we are pleased to be enabled to say that the book is better than the preface to it. The story is founded on fact; that is to say, the hero, James

Fitz-Thomas, the last Earl of Desmond, was a genuine personage, and some of the adventures in which he here takes part are told of him in the chronicles of Ireland. But, for the rest, the incidents are inventions, and the plot is a fiction. "I confess," says the author, "to having added a few years to a young lady's age;" but, he says, "I am not aware that I have mis-stated any historical event, or misrepresented any historical character."

The last Earl of Desmond raised the standard of rebellion against England; and, after much plotting and some desperate struggles, was defeated and made a fugitive. His countess exerted herself to save him; and even went to London personally to implore a pardon from Elizabeth—but in vain. He was hunted from mountain to valley, from bog to forest, his heroic wife bearing him company and sharing his dangers and sufferings, until palsy and ague came upon him. In spite of these, however, he dragged about his aching limbs, and with a few followers kept his pursuers at bay, inspiring them with such terror, even in his infirmity, that only by the stimulus of a large reward were they induced to continue the pursuit. At last they tracked him to a cabin in a wood; they stole upon him through the moonlight; they found him asleep; a soldier struck at him, and almost severed his head from his body; but he was not killed. They carried him off alive upon their backs, and then, fearing a rescue, they held a council, and resolved to dispatch him. They laid him upon the ground; and the man who had wounded him before struck off his head at a blow. The reward of ten thousand pounds, which had been offered for it by the English Government, was thus obtained. The head was taken to his own son-in-law, the Black Earl of Ormond, who had it pickled, placed in a pipkin, and forwarded, as a present, to the Queen. It was afterwards impaled on London-bridge. The poet Spenser obtained part of the forfeited lands.

Such is the historical fact out of which this romance is woven. The author has constructed an ingenious plot, which he has embodied in a narrative of unusual spirit. There are faults of haste and inexperience, but the pages are never dull. Criticism, viewing it as a work of art, could point out many defects; but the patrons of the circulating libraries read for amusement, and not critically. They enjoy the story and the incidents, and the pictures that are presented to their mental vision, and care very little indeed for that which the literary world makes its test of worth—accordance with the principles and rules of art. Read as a romance, *The Last Earl of Desmond* will find many to enjoy its vigorous pictures of Irish life in the seventeenth century.

THE "Select Library of Fiction" of Messrs. Chapman and Hall is cheap—and quite as cheap as a good book can be produced, so as to yield profit for author and publisher. Already we have introduced to our readers a variety of novels that have thus appeared, all of them good, by authors of established repute, and works that have acquired a substantial fame. We have now to report the appearance in it of Miss Muloch's *Olive*, one of her very best fictions, which we have only to name to secure for this form of it a welcome wherever a novel is enjoyed.—*My Novel* is not only the best of Bulwer's works—it is the best novel in the English language. If only the first half-dozen chapters could be erased, it would bear comparison with any fiction of any country. As it was the best, so we trust it will not be the last, of the author's imaginations. He has not, like so many others, worn himself out. On the contrary, he improves with years; and we shall look for greater things from his pen than any he has yet produced. The striking feature of *My Novel* is the ingenuity of its plot, in this equalling the best of the French school, while excelling them in all beside. Now that *My Novel* can be procured for so trifling a price, who is there who will not possess it?

RELIGION.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

GEOLOGY, which fifty years ago scarcely ranked as a science, has now many of the ablest intellects of the age enlisted in its service, and is continually enlarging its boundaries,—opening up to our view, day after day, some of the most interesting topics that could occupy the mind of man. Like astronomy, it was long supposed to be at variance with religion; and hence a strong prejudice used to prevail against all those engaged in its study. This, we are happy to say, is now fast disappearing, and geologists are free to pursue their investigations without being held up to public execration as men whose sole object

it is to lessen the authority of Holy Scripture. Eminent divines even have engaged in the study—men about whose orthodoxy there can be no question: some belonging to the Church of England, and others men like Dr. Chalmers and Dr. Pye Smith, who are universally regarded as distinguished champions of Christianity. These latter, conscious that geology has brought many facts to light which appear to directly contradict the statements of the Bible, have endeavoured to show, some in one way and some in other, that this contradiction is only apparent, not real, and that it is quite possible to reconcile the Mosaic with the modern scientific theory of the Universe. None of the attempts hitherto made in this direction, however, can be regarded as altogether successful. A new one is now lying before us. It is entitled *The Mosaic Record in Harmony with the Geological* (Edinburgh: Constable and Co.). The author of this believes "that the words of Moses have been and still are misunderstood," but that he has himself a solution to offer which "will withdraw the veil that covers the Mosaic narrative, and show revelation in perfect agreement with science." When Geology and the Bible are brought face to face, "the latter plainly declares, that 'in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is,' the former affirms, and it cannot be doubted, that this earth, so far from being only six thousand years old, was the abode of living creatures, and the scene of constant change, for countless ages before man was made." How can this astonishing discrepancy be accounted for? The author is of opinion that all previous writers have failed in their attempts to solve this important problem. He reviews the different theories put forth on the subject, and then offers us his own, which is briefly as follows. The account of the Creation given in Genesis is a divinely inspired narrative, and there is strong reason to believe that the agent who has transmitted it to us is Moses, the Jewish lawgiver. "Many believe that the book of Genesis is made up of a variety of documents, thrown into order by Moses under the direction of the Spirit of God." There is danger in such a hypothesis. "This, however, is not our business at present; we wish to know the party to whom the revelation contained in Gen. i. and ii. was made; and we can conceive of only two persons whom God was likely to honour by imparting it to them, Adam and Moses." He then states his grounds for believing that it was to the latter the revelation was made. The next question to be answered is, in what particular manner was this revelation communicated? There were different ways in which the Almighty communicated his will to his chosen servants. Sometimes it was in dreams, and sometimes in waking visions, in which "scenes were more or less distinctly painted on the fancy of the prophets. . . . God also not unfrequently spoke directly with men, either from the pillar of fire in the wilderness, or when the angel of Jehovah appeared in human form and talked with his servants." The writer is of opinion that it was in a vision Moses saw the work of creation as described in the opening verses of Genesis. He then looks at the narrative for the meaning of the word *day*, that word about which geologists and theologians are so much at issue,—the former affirming it to mean an indefinite period of time, and the latter being content for the most part with its ordinary acceptance. In the verses before us however, we read—*God called the light day*; "and the immediately following words are—the dawn and the twilight were the first day. It appears then that by day is meant the period during which light prevails over the surface of the globe." Bearing this in mind, let us now look at the manner in which the revelation was communicated to Moses. "He fell into a trance, like the Apostle Peter, but his eyes were open. He could mark what took place in the vision that floated before his divinely enlightened imagination, and the darkness which stole over the scene, when the vision began to fade, seemed to him to be caused by the approach of night. In other words, each day contains the description of what he beheld in a single vision; and when that faded it was twilight. There is nothing forced in supposing that after the vision had for a time illumined the fancy of the seer, it was withdrawn from his eyes, in the same way that the landscape becomes dim on the approach of evening. Did not the sheet in Peter's trance seem to be let down from Heaven, and drawn up again? And why may not night in Moses' vision have seemed to cover the landscape imprinted on his fancy? Most truly, therefore, could he describe the dawn and twilight as bounding the day. From this point of view a day can only mean the period during which the divinely enlightened fancy of the seer was active. While all continued bright and manifest before his entranced but still conscious soul, it was day or light. When the dimness of departing enlightenment fell on the scene, it was the evening twilight. . . . In these alternations of light and darkness on the fancy of Moses, we find the meanings of *day* and *evening*. The visions dawn upon the mind of the seer, who, full of the deepest interest, watches the rising glory and marks its progress, until the dimness of deepening twilight shuts it from his eyes. Of course, it is not maintained here that each vision occupied a whole natural day, or that when darkness fell on the fancy of the seer, he awoke from his trance. For anything that we

know to the contrary, these visions may all have been comprised in one period of inspiration; only the darkness which shut the scene out from the eye of Moses, was as much an effect of the divine agency as the scene itself." That such was the form of the revelation made to Moses our author is convinced from a comparison of it with other visions recorded in the Bible; and he conceives that this view, if correct, has the advantage of reconciling the Mosaic record with the geological. "On our theory," he says, "time is not involved in the Mosaic narrative at all. The seer describes successive events as they were painted on his fancy, but of the time required for their development he had no knowledge. In relation to his perceptions, the creation of heaven and earth, the state of the latter, and the work of the first day, were successive events; in point of fact, they may have been spread over many ages." Regretting that we have not space for a more extended notice of this important work, we shall conclude by remarking that it shows both genius and learning, and that its anonymous author (whoever he may be) is not only a sound divine but a good geologist.

Christianity viewed in some of its leading aspects. By the Rev. A. L. R. FOOTE. (Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas.)—In these days, when so many open attacks are made upon the truths of Christianity, and the vast majority of persons merely give them an outward lukewarm assent, Mr. Foote is of opinion that it is incumbent upon all true believers to come forward and "show what Christianity really is—to exhibit its inner truth, its native grandeur, its perfect adaptation to man." The work which he has published as a contribution in this direction embraces the following subjects:—1. Christianity a life. 2. Christianity a work. 3. Christianity a reward. 4. Christianity a culture. 5. Christianity a discipline. 6. Christianity a fellowship." Mr. Foote has handled each of these subjects with earnestness and respectable ability.

One Thousand Questions on the Old Testament; with explanatory introductions to each book. By a Teacher (London: Jarrold and Sons).—This is a little work which the author tells us "has the recommendation of experience." We cordially approve both of its substance and arrangement.

Sermons preached at St. Thomas's Square Chapel, Hackney. By HENRY FORSTER BURDER, D.D. (London: Ward and Co.)—These sermons (thirty in number) are a selection by the author from a mass of more than five thousand discourses preached by him in the same pulpit. He is now "a retired and aged pastor, consoled with the idea that his ministerial labours have not been in vain." He lives in the recollection of his former hearers, and has dedicated to them this volume—"to prolong, in some sort, the term of his ministerial service among them by a kind of appendix to his pulpit discourses." Dr. Burder's discourses embrace a variety of topics. They are all of an evangelical tendency, simple in structure, and affectionate in tone. Occasionally too they show passages not deficient in eloquence; but they are less striking upon the whole in this respect than we were led to suppose from the author's popularity.

Sacred Studies; or, Aids to the Development of Truth: a second and enlarged edition of Discourses on Important Subjects. By the Rev. ROBERT FERGUSON, LL.D. (London: Ward and Co.)—Having noticed the first edition of this work somewhat at length, we must here content ourselves with reiterating our admiration of the author's genius and eloquence. We are delighted that such a publication should have so soon reached a second edition, and trust that the same will shortly be the case with that other work,—"Consecrated Heights,"—which, we have reason to know, has met with an enthusiastic reception from men well qualified to judge on the subject, notwithstanding the unfair criticism launched against it in the columns of a contemporary.

The Christian Diadem: a Series of Essays, doctrinal and devotional. First Series (London: Ward and Co.)—is a religious miscellany in prose and verse. The present series contains essays by Mrs. H. Beecher Stowe, the Rev. C. Beecher, and others; with extracts from various well-known authors.

Sentiments of the late Archdeacon Jeffreys: with a brief Memoir. By his brother, JULIUS JEFFREYS, Esq. (London: Tweedie.)—These "Sentiments" relate altogether to the tee-total question, one which we do not feel inclined to enter upon.—This must be our excuse also for only barely mentioning the following: *The Palace of the Soul versus the Crystal Palace, in re Wine and Beer.* By OMEGA. (London: Horsell and Shireffs.)

What is Truth? (London: Chapman)—is the title of a small work which has prefixed to it the following preface or advertisement: "Its internal discrepancies and unpropitious results seeming clearly to indicate that Christianity, at least, is not truth; the following casually preserved fragments of desultory correspondence on the subject may, it is hoped, from their very lameness, provoke abler intelligences and defter pens to take up, on behalf of betrayed humanity, the cause of natural religion against conventional usurpation. G. R." From such a flippant preface we were not led to expect a very formidable assault upon the religion of Christendom. We must add that upon examination this book seems to us one of the most contemptible in every way that we have

for a long time met with. The author's qualifications to write upon the subject he has taken up may be fairly judged of by the following: "How much I should like to possess the original fifty gospels of early times, from which our egotistical four were indolently constructed by—the Council of Nice?" It is by such sentences as this, with an occasional volley of abuse directed against the Bishops and Clergy, that Mr. G. R. endeavours to throw contempt upon a belief in Christianity.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Table Talk of John Selden, with Notes. By DAVID IRVING, LL.D. Edinburgh: Constable.

SELDEN was born in Sussex in 1584. He was educated successively at Chichester, Hart Hall, Oxford, Clifford's Inn, and the Inner Temple. The Inns of Court have produced lawyers; but they have also produced jurists, men of learning, critics, wits, statesmen, poets, men of fashion. We associate with them hard legal study, and the names of Hale, Camden, and Eldon; learning, and the names of Sergeant Maynard and Sir William Jones; statesmanship and eloquence, and the names of Murray, Erskine, and Brougham. Addison's Templar was a critic and playgoer. "He understood Aristotle and Longinus fully better than Littleton or Coke." Some of the finest plays and poems in the English language have been written in the Temple. "Pendennis" proves that the Inns of Court still represent literature as well as law. Selden was perhaps their most eminent product in respect of erudition. Dr. Irving, in his preface, characterises him as one of the most learned men of a very learned age. Grotius called him the glory of England. Wood, in the "Athenæ Oxonienses," says, that in foreign countries he was usually styled "the great dictator of learning of the English nation." Nor was he a mere scholar and recluse. Lord Clarendon says of him: "He was of so stupendous learning in all kinds and in all languages (as may appear in his excellent and transcendent writings), that a man would have thought he had been entirely conversant among books, and had never spent an hour but in reading and writing; yet his humanity, courtesy, and affability was such, that he would have been thought to have been bred in the best courts, but that his good nature, charity, and delight in doing good and in communicating all he knew, exceeded that breeding." Wood's praise is so far valuable. Much more so is the commendation of Grotius and Clarendon: for Grotius was an opponent of Selden on the great fishery dispute between England and the Netherlands—Selden's "Mare Clausum" being a reply to the "Mare Liberum" of Grotius; while Clarendon differed with Selden in very many events of their public lives. Selden was in some degree another Admirable Crichton, even in respect of light literature and the graces. He was, however, in the main a lawyer; and, however diversified were the subjects he wrote upon, he looked upon and treated them all from a legal point of view. His achievements in the service of the poetic Muse were not great. He wrote verses in Greek, Latin, and English, upon Browne's "Britannia's Pastorals;" he published notes and annotations on Dryden's "Polyolbion," and prefixed dedicatory verses to the works of various poets. His principal works were on English Legal Antiquities and Statute Law; on Civil Polity and the Law of Nations; on Classic, Jewish, and Oriental Archaeology; and on the Sinaic Code. Le Clerc, speaking of his work "De Jure Naturali et Gentium juxta Disciplinam Hebræorum," says: "In this book Mr. Selden has only copied the Rabbins, and scarcely ever reasons at all. His rabbinical principles are founded upon an uncertain Jewish tradition; namely, that God gave to Noah seven precepts to be observed by all mankind. Besides, his ideas are very imperfect and embarrassed." This is a very just criticism; and the general opinion expressed in it is correct as applied to Selden generally. The lawyer—nay, the chamber counsel, appears in all his works. He is restrained by parchment and precedent. The contrast between Selden in his authorised published works, and Selden in the *Table Talk*, is very curious. Those who judge of him from the *Table Talk* alone, justly accuse him of latitudinarianism in religion and matters of opinion generally. There is a dogmatic, and in some cases a presumptuous and irreverent freedom, with which he cuts the Gordian knots which baffled his contemporaries, which contrasts very strongly with the unoriginal

nature of his writings. Selden, as a public personage, forms a sort of historic foil or contrast to the enthusiastic partisans in religious and political matters of the troublous times in which he lived. In Selden there is no enthusiasm or fanaticism of any description. He had, however, a dogged determination, which on one or two occasions implicated him in the eyes of the court, and caused him to lose regal favour. His "History of Tythes" gave great displeasure to the clergy. He was called before the Privy Council, and compelled to express sorrow for its publication. He was twice imprisoned by the Government. He was a moderate man in times when moderate men were very rare. His compulsory recantation and double imprisonment did not overcome his judgment. He was as independent towards Cromwell as he had been towards James and Charles. He refused to comply with Cromwell's urgent request that he should answer "Eikon Basilike."

His amanuensis, Richard Milward, published in 1689, thirty-five years after Selden's death, specimens from his *Table Talk*. In his dedication to Sir Mathew Hale, Milward says: "I had the opportunity to hear his discourse twenty years together; and lest all these excellent things that usually fell from him might be lost, some of them from time to time I faithfully committed to writing, which, here digested into this method, I humbly present to your hands." The occasions which led to the sayings of Selden are not given. Selden is the only speaker. There is no dialogue, as in the *Memorabilia* of Xenophon, or Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. This, it will be seen, places Selden at a disadvantage. Much of the meaning and intent of an opinion, especially of an opinion hazarded in extempore conversation, depends upon the incident, the train of thought, the succession of remarks which called it forth. Even Socrates sometimes seems to dogmatise in the page of Xenophon. That Johnson does so in the conversations recorded by Boswell is notorious. How much more dogmatic will appear casually hazarded opinions, abstracted from their context, and set down in the solitary, unconnected form of aphorisms and saws. Much of the force of the accusation of laxity and latitudinarianism brought against Selden, grounded upon the opinions in his *Table Talk*, is diminished, when these considerations are adverted to. We can understand and place proper value upon a dogmatic or paradoxical saying of Dr. Johnson, when we have recorded in the same page the conversation which led to it—when we see how perhaps Boswell, or some other blockhead, goaded him on to the rash saying. But all this opportunity of accounting for and explaining away dogmatism and paradox is not possible in such books of *ana* as Selden's *Table Talk*, where the connecting or explaining dialogue is not given. In fact, we have little or no right to hold any man responsible for opinions hazarded in conversations published without his leave or authority. Even supposing the report be accurate, no man is responsible for opinions, except given by himself to the world after the mature thought, more or less of which every one must consider pre-requisite to publication. And again, how are we to be certified of the trustworthiness of the narrator and the authenticity of the report? To choose the instance before us, what do we know about this Richard Milward, beyond the fact that he was the amanuensis of Selden? The *Table Talk* was not published till thirty-five years after Selden's death, when almost all who could from personal knowledge impugn and correct misstatements were doubtless dead. And more than that, we do not know that Milward was an impartial narrator. The chances are ten to one that he by no means thought so dispassionately as his master on the ecclesiastical and political matters treated by him. The chances are therefore ten to one that some colouring, one way or other, has been given to the opinions of Selden in the reporting of them. These remarks apply, generally, equally well to all similar collections of *ana*. There is, however, a *vraisemblance* about the *Table Talk* of Selden which proves in the main the fidelity of the amanuensis, and the genuineness of the opinions given as Selden's. These opinions are just those which from a knowledge of his public life you would suppose him to entertain. The internal evidence is strongly in favour of the book's authenticity. Dr. Wilkins, the biographer and editor (1702) of Selden, doubts this. But Dr. Wilkins was a leal Churchman; and the opinions sometimes expressed by Selden, on the Church

and its hierarchy, sufficiently account for the unwillingness of Dr. Wilkins to accept the *Table Talk* as authentic. Dr. Hody, in his "History of Councils and Convocations," says: "Selden cannot be suspected of being over-partial to bishops." No one, we should think, would dream of forming that suspicion who reads in the *Table Talk* such passages as the following:—

Scaliger says of Erasmus, "Si minor esse voluerit, major fuisset." So we may say of the bishops, "Si minores esse voluerint, majores fuissent." In the beginning bishops and presbyters were alike, like the gentlemen in the country, whereof one is made deputy-lieutenant and another justice of peace; so one is made a bishop, another a dean; and that kind of government by archbishops and bishops no doubt came in, in imitation of the temporal government, not *jure divino*.

It hath ever been the gain of the Church, when the King will let the Church have no power, to cry down the King and cry up the Church; but when the Church can make use of the King's power, then to bring all under the King's prerogative. The Catholics of England go one way, and the court clergy another.

The *Table Talk* has a peculiar historic value. It discusses not so much general subjects and abstract principles, as the practical questions in civil and ecclesiastical polity agitated in his own day. Being a moderate man and no partisan, and withal cynical and wanting in earnestness, he looks at the questions from a point of view as far removed from the Churchman as from the Sectary, as far removed from the Cavalier as from the Roundhead. Sometimes he leans to the one side, sometimes to the other. In most cases he indicates no preference of opinion. He is equally sarcastic upon presbyters and bishops. He judges, by the aid of precedent, law, and worldly wisdom, what the one side bate upon divine right and ecclesiastical authority—what the other settle by reference to Scripture and by the exercise of free opinion, and in some extreme cases by supposed or pretended special divine revelation. He settles as a lawyer and man of the world what others decide upon as courtiers and bigots, as fanatics and republicans. He sometimes delivers opinions on questions as far from settlement now as they were in his time. In reading such books as this, we are often reminded that our greatest difficulties are but "old foes with new faces"—that the most prominent faults and evils are just those which will ever remain so.

Abraham paid tithes to Melchizedek. What then? 'Twas very well done of him; it does not follow, therefore, that I must pay tithes, no more than I am bound to imitate any other action of Abraham's.

Make no more allegories in Scripture than needs must. The Fathers were too frequent in them; they, indeed, before they fully understood the literal sense, looked out for an allegory.

This applies equally well to those Scottish divines of last century who saw a *type* in every Old Testament incident; and those historians and divines of this century who see a hidden meaning in every legend, and make a *myth* of every miracle. The following is very apt to the spiritualism into which modern rationalism has recently developed itself:—

I cannot fancy to myself what the law of nature means, but the law of God. How should I know I ought not to steal, I ought not to commit adultery, unless somebody had told me so? Surely 'tis because I have been told so. 'Tis not because I think I ought not to do them, nor because you think I ought not; if so, our minds might change: whence then comes the restraint? From a higher power; nothing else can bind: I cannot bind myself, for I may untie myself again; nor an equal cannot tie me, for we may unbind one another: it must be a superior power, even God Almighty.

Bishops are now unfit to govern because of their learning; they are bred up in another law; they run to the text for something done amongst the Jews, that nothing concerns England. 'Tis just as if a man would have a kettle, and he would not go to our brazier to have it made as they make kettles; but he would have it made as Hiram made his brass-work, who wrought in Solomon's Temple.

Some of the sayings, we have said, are irreverent and presumptuous.

'Twas a good way to persuade men to be christened, to tell them that they had a foulness about them, namely, original sin, that could not be washed away but by baptism.

Scrutami Scripturas (search the Scriptures). These two words have undone the world. Because Christ spake it to his disciples, therefore we must all, men, women, and children, read and interpret the Scripture.

Occasionally Selden cuts a Gordian knot very summarily:—

The Independents may as well plead they should not be subject to temporal things, not come before a constable or a justice of peace, as they plead they should not be subject in spiritual things, because St. Paul says, "Is it so that there is not a wise man amongst you?"

King James said to the fly, "Have I three kingdoms, and thou must needs fly into my eye?" Is there not enough to meddle with upon the stage, or in love, or at the table, but religion?

Prestige and law sometimes get the better of fairness and candour:

Some men make it a case of conscience whether a man may have a pigeon-house, because his pigeons eat other folk's corn; but there is no such thing as conscience in the business. The matter is, whether he be a man of quality, that the state allows him to have a dove-house; if so, there's an end of the business—his pigeons have a right to eat where they please themselves.

To quote in illustration of Selden's wonderful sagacity and acumen, his singular skill in rendering complicated questions simple, and his remarkable worldly wisdom, were useless. Ninth-tenths of the *Table Talk* exhibit these excellencies.

Humility is a virtue all preach, none practise, and yet everybody is content to hear. The master thinks it good doctrine for his servant, the laity for the clergy, and the clergy for the laity.

When the priests come into a family, they do as a man that would set fire on a house; he does not put fire to the brick wall, but thrusts it into the thatch. They work upon the women, and let the men alone.

The whole book is singularly interesting, and its interestingness is quite peculiar and *sui generis*. You are made to look from the unimpassioned

point of view of the mere lawyer and politician, upon those great questions which affected the minds of his contemporaries so very differently; which you cannot find treated in the writings of any of his contemporaries without more or less colouring, prejudice, and partiality; and which are even still, in the great majority of instances, written upon by partisans and apologists.

When we say that this volume, in its typography and general getting-up, is worthy of Constable and Co., we give it the highest praise in our power. It is refreshing, in these days of bad paper and close print, to come upon a volume with large, clear, legible letter-press, upon strong "large paper," and, above all, "with a slender rivulet of type flowing through a broad meadow of margin." The editor, Dr. Irving, is one of the most distinguished antiquaries and historical writers in Britain. The volume adds to the reputation already won by the "Lives of the Scottish Writers," and his other works. Few books are edited with such care and accuracy. The amount of erudition which the editor has brought to the illustration of the text is immense. To say that Dr. Irving wants imagination and spirit is only to deny him a qualification not specially required in editing a work like this—a power, too, which seldom exists along with the faculties which prompt to those studies with which Dr. Irving's name is specially connected. Dr. Irving has a virtue which antiquaries and literary historians, not to say editors generally, seldom possess. The preface, notes, and appendices are in exact proportion to the requirements of the work. There is just as much, and no more, of the editor as is necessary to explain and elu-

cide the author. In some cases the additional illustrations are more valuable than the text. On many points the testimonies of others are collated and compared. Thus, on duelling, Hales of Eton, Barbeyrac, Maffei, Drs. Ames and Johnson, are cited. No difficulty is left unexplained, or at all events unannotated, and there is no superfluous note or illustration. The public are indebted to the editor for this new edition, to the publishers for this reprint. Selden's *Table Talk* should never be out of print. Its contents are never effete or obsolete, and will for many ages to come be capable of being brought to bear upon present and practical questions.

A LECTURE on *Ireland and the Irish*, by the Rev. A. R. Faussett, is a graphic sketch of our Celtic brethren, composed in a kindly spirit.—An anonymous writer has put forth a small pamphlet of *Thoughts on the Freedom of the Will*, maintaining the Calvinistic tenets against the Rev. J. Morison, who had impugned them at Glasgow.—A lecture on the European crisis suggested to Herr Carl Retslag a series of *Political Sketches*, in the form of twelve chapters on the struggles of the age. The author was a refugee in England, and understands our constitution and the characteristics of our people. He reviews the position and prospects of each country in Europe with strong democratic tendencies, and he hails the present war as the precursor of a general European revolution, when Democracy shall triumph, and kings, priests, and nobles be extinguished. He is probably right in his prophecy; but that which makes him exult makes us mourn.—Mr. Fulcher, of Brighton, has sent us another of his *Ladies' Memorandum Books* for 1855, which adds poetry and charades to the usual contents of a pocket-book.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE CRITIC ABROAD.

THE second volume of Puschkin's poetical works, translated into German by F. Bodenstedt, has been published in Berlin. It contains the poetical romance of "Eugen Onegin," which has been compared to Byron's "Don Juan;" just as Puschkin's "Poltava" has been compared to "Mazeppa." This "Eugen Onegin" is set forth as a wild young Russ engaged in sowing a certain species of oats, which generally spring up to reward the sower with a crop that he must gather against his will. The Russian Government punished this imaginary scapegrace vicariously, by striking out the whole of the eighth canto—so that there is a sudden leap made in the poem from the seventh to the ninth and concluding canto. In what way would the very moral Russian censor have dealt with the graceless, good-for-nothing young rogue, Don Juan? A few fragments of the peccant canto, which escaped somehow the imperial scissors, have been published by the translator as an appendix. Odessa is cleverly sketched in one of these forbidden morsels—the town, the streets, the dirt, the mud, the café, the opera-house and its company. We have no time to make verses; and, had we time for such purpose, would, in all likelihood make very bad ones, especially as we should be translating a translation. We give a specimen or two, therefore, in prose form, as the French do, when they do not care to be bothered with rhymes and metres. Eugene says:—

I then was living in Odessa, for wealth in shipping far renowned; where in the sunshine people swelter—where merchants, filth, and dust abound. Here smile the blue and southern heavens, and here ascends the Babel din of men of many tongues and nations, of every feature, hue, and skin. Italia's golden tongue is uttered on every quay, in every street; here Tartars, Spaniards, Greeks and Frenchmen, Slaves and Armenians pass and meet. The swarthy son of Pharaoh's land, and Corsairs gather on her strand; and up and down, and to and fro, pass rich and poor and high and low.

We miss in the motley groups the representatives of our worthy friends, bluff John of England, and cautious Alexander of Scotland. A Scot and an Englishman are wanting to fill out the picture.

The poet proceeds to say, that his good friend Tumansky has sung the praises of Odessa; but that, having seen it through coloured glasses, his picture wears their tints. Puschkin's hero saw his place with naked eyes.

With dust much blessed is Odessa; but more with dirt, I really think; and when it rains or storms the city is filled with mire up to the brink; and he who strolls, or strays, strolls dearly, for all is bog for six weeks yearly. No thoroughfare from street to street then, no turning off from left to right; no horse can stir to bear the traveller, no stiffs can help belated wight. Bullocks alone of might and strength can drag the car the city's length.

The town, however, has its fair side; and Eugene appears, what with casino, café, and opera, to have made the most of it.

The almanacs have been poured down upon us in due season. January, in all civilised countries, commences in the preceding June. We anticipate icicles before we have done with the roses; and if Zadkiel, Raphael, and such-like magi, are to be depended upon, we can tell all about Lady-day and its responsibilities before we are fairly through Michaelmas. The French press, like our own, pours forth, in the form of almanac, waters to please every palate—sense and nonsense, impudent prediction and sage conjecture. There is an almanac for the good Christian, and one for the man of the world; one for the clergy and one for the laity; one for the citizen and one for the peasant; one for the learned and one for the unlearned. Poor Robin and physician Moore have their counterparts in France, as well as the more useful and recondite "British Almanac" and "Celestial Atlas." Of all these no more at present; but we must notice one from Portugal. Sparrows and house-flies, the naturalists tell us, are to be found everywhere; so are certain household words and proverbs. If there is any difference between the "Poor Richard" of England and the poor man's almanac of Portugal, it is only complexional. Richard of Portugal comes forth in very indifferent type, and on not the very best of paper. His woodcuts are of the Seven-dials order. Aries has frightful horns, and Taurus looks uncommonly spiteful towards Gemini. Cancer is an exaggerated spider, and Virgo looks very much like a virago liberated from a Bow-street cell. The most natural-looking representation of the heavenly signs is Pisces, where two flounders are seen struggling, each with a cable's end in its mouth. What bait they have swallowed the artist has not revealed in his sketch. We care not, however, so much about the artistic as about the philosophical features of the book. Herein, as with ourselves sometimes, wisdom is poured forth in couplets, and the ring of rhymes aids the memory. Every month has something to say for

itself, or has something said about it. Let those of our readers who are sojourners in rural parts, and familiar with fields, farming, wind and weather, say how far the experience of the peasant of Portugal corresponds with their own:

A wet January is not so good for corn, but not so bad for cattle. January blossoms fill no man's cellar. If February is dry, there is neither good corn nor good hay. When March thunders, tools and arms get rusty. He who freely lops in March will get his lap full of fruit. A cold April brings wine and bread in plenty. A cool and moist April fills the cellar and fattens the cow. A windy May makes a fair year. He who mows in May will have neither fruit nor hay. Midsummer rain spoils wine-stock and grain. In May an east-lying field is worth vain and oxen; in July, the oxen and the yoke. The first day of August, the first day of harvest. August rain gives honey, wine, and saffron. August ripens, September gathers in. August bears the burthen, September the fruit. September dries up wells or breaks down bridges. Preserve your fodder in September, and your cow will fatten. In October dung your field, and the land its wealth shall yield. On All Saints'-day there is snow on the ground; on St. Andrew's, the night is twice as long as day. He who dungs his barley well shall have fruit an hundred fold; and if it has been a wet season there is nothing to fear. No one thrives who godless drives. None in August should over the land; in December none over the sea. Laziness is the key to poverty. The usurer's gold sits down with him to table.

FRANCE.

GEORGE SAND.

Histoire de ma Vie ("Story of my Life"). By GEORGE SAND. 2 vols. Paris: Victor Lecoul. 1854.

If any woman, whose name has become public property by the publicity of her acts, owed it to herself and to the world to write an autobiography, it was George Sand. Few women have excited so much curiosity; none has hitherto satisfied it less. The consequence has been that, while scandal has been busy and impertinence active in spreading false ideas concerning her, those who have desired to unite their admiration of unquestioned intellectual power with a tribute to moral worth, have anxiously waited for some refutation or verification of stories which might be consistent, indeed, with the one, but were utterly repugnant to the other. To this peculiarity in her position no one seems to have been more sensitively alive than herself—"I have

allowed (writes she, at the very outset of her memoir) a great many biographies to be published about me, full of errors, in praise as well as in blame." Why she has not hitherto faced the difficulty is also explained by her. In the first place, she experienced (so she says) a mortal disgust at occupying the public with her personality; besides which, she says (and it is undoubtedly true of most people, though probably not of her), that there are very few days, very few minutes even, in the lives of ordinary mortals, either interesting or useful for contemplation; and those few minutes in her own life have been, for the most part, already recorded in the "Lettres d'un Voyageur," always recognised as a journal of her personal experience.

The first thirty pages of this book are filled with most excellent reasons why it should not be written. To defend oneself against attacks is, in the opinion of George Sand, to admit their justice: if guilty, it adds falsehood; if guiltless, why defend? In some points of view, however, autobiographies are useful; as charts of our experience, for instance. Looking upon them from that point of view, she resolves to give hers to the world. In the course of this discussion, the following comparison between the "Confessions" of Jean-Jacques Rousseau and those of Augustine merits quotation:—

A recital of the sufferings and the struggles in the life of every man affords instruction to all; it would be the salvation of every one if he knew the true causes of his suffering and of his preservation. It is with that sublime intention, and under the dominion of an ardent faith, that Saint Augustine wrote his "Confessions," which were those of his century, and gave the most effective succour to many generations of Christians. An abyss separates the "Confessions" of Jean-Jacques Rousseau from those of the Father of the Church. The object of the philosopher of the eighteenth century seems to have been more personal, and therefore less serious and less useful. He accuses himself, in order to take the opportunity of defending himself—he reveals hidden faults, to have the right of replying to public calumnies. Therefore, it is a monument of pride, mingled with humility, which sometimes repels us by its affectation, and often charms and penetrates us by its sincerity. Faulty, and sometimes culpable, as that illustrious work may be, it has great qualities; and the more the martyr destroys himself, and wanders in pursuit of the ideal, the more that ideal strikes and attracts us.

At the very opening of her story, George Sand disclaims all intention of making it the vehicle for either scandal or revenge: "Let none of those who have injured me be afraid; I do not remember them. Nor let any scandal-monger rejoice; for I write for none such." Even upon the delicate questions at issue between herself and the husband from whom she is separated she announces her unwillingness to entertain the world, although quite certain in advance of the partisanship of her readers. Let this admirable rebuke afford a lesson to those who think, by laying bare the greenness of their domestic wounds, to prove their titles to sympathy and respect.

I ask pardon of my biographers; but, at the risk of repaying their benevolence with ingratitude, I think it neither delicate nor just that, to excuse me for not having lived under the conjugal roof, and for having enforced a separation, they should accuse my husband of wrongs which I have ceased to complain of since I reconquered my independence. . . . My husband is living, and reads neither my works nor those which have been written about me. That is one reason why I should disavow the attacks which are made upon him on my account. I could not live with him; for our characters and ideas essentially differed. Imprudent counsels urged him to provoke public discussions, which have compelled us to accuse one another. *Sad result of an imperfect legislation, which the future will amend!* Ever since the separation has been pronounced and maintained, I have attempted to forget my sorrows; and I feel that all public re-remembrance against him is in bad taste, and suggests the continuance of a resentment which I do not entertain.

Thereupon she leaves the unhappy subject of her marriage, and says it is probable that she will return to it no more. In France the facts are as notorious as those of a pendent case in this country; and it must be admitted that public opinion leans equally to the side of the lady.

It has been objected to George Sand, that she makes no secret, but rather a boast, of that royal genealogy to which she can only lay claim by admitting a double stain upon her blazon. If this accusation were true, it would come strangely from a country, some of whose proudest nobility have no better claim to the titles which they boast; but it is impossible to read these memoirs without

perceiving that their author only refers to her ancestry, because that has been a conspicuous subject of comment with the impertinent biographers of whom she complains. "I suspect (says she) that my biographers, especially the foreign ones, have been very aristocratic, for they have all given me the credit of an illustrious origin, without remembering the obvious spot in my coat of arms." The spot was, in fact, a double one. Augustus II., King of Poland, in the course of an endless succession of amours, loved the beautiful and celebrated Swede, Aurore de Koenigsmark, as renowned for her beauty and gallantry as her brother was for his unhappy death. From this union sprang Maurice de Saxe, the victor of Fontenoy, and generalissimo of the French armies under Louis XV. This great warrior connected himself with an opera singer named Marie Rinteanu, commonly known as Mademoiselle Verrières, and by her had a daughter named Marie-Aurore. After an education at Saint-Cyr, this daughter, who was distinguished for her extreme beauty, was married to the celebrated Count Horn, which, however, resulted in nothing beyond the ceremonial, for shortly after the marriage he was killed in a duel, and she left a virgin widow. It was not until some years after this event, when she was thirty years old, that she took for a second husband M. Dupin de Francueil, who was then sixty-two years of age. This gentleman has become historical by the occurrence of his name in the "Confessions" of Jean-Jacques Rousseau. He was the grandfather of George Sand; and the latter quotes the following extraordinary piece of reasoning upon the merits of an *old husband*, from the conversation of her grandmother:—

An old man loves you more than a young one; and it is impossible not to love those who love us perfectly. I called him my *old husband*, and my *papa*. He desired it, and never called me anything but his daughter, even in public. And then, who was ever *old* in those days? It is the revolution that has brought Age into the world. Your grandfather, my child, was handsome, elegant, neat, graceful, perfumed, good-tempered, amiable, affectionate, and of an even temper up to the hour of his death. Had he been younger, he would have been too amiable to be so calm; and I, perhaps, should not have been so happy with him, because the possession of him might have been disputed. I am convinced that I had the best season of his life, and that no young man ever rendered a wife so happy as I was; we never quitted one another, and I was never wearied when near him. His mind was an encyclopædia of ideas and of knowledge, which was never exhausted for me. He had the gift of occupying himself so as to be agreeable to others as well as to himself. . . . I had for companions many young women who were married much more splendidly, but who nevertheless told me that they envied me my *old husband*.

The fruit of this union was one son, Maurice, the father of George Sand.

Although a claimant to aristocratic blood on her father's side, on that of her mother George Sand is bound to the people. "My mother (says she) was a poor child of the old streets of Paris." Her name was Delaborde, and her father was a bird-fancier on the Quai aux Oiseaux. Upon this family connection with the feathered inhabitants of the air, she constructs the most fantastic and charming speculations: "Birds (she says, with something of coquetry), birds are the only beings in creation over whom I ever exercised any power of fascination." In proof of this power, she tells the following story:—

I brought up two warblers from different nests and of distinct varieties; the one had a yellow breast, the other a grey bodice. Yellow-breast was called *Jonquille*, and was a fortnight older than grey-breast, whose name was *Agathe*. A fortnight for a warbler ('tis the most intelligent and precocious of little birds) is as much as ten years for a human being. Now *Jonquille* was a very pretty little lady, still slender and not fully fledged, merely able to fly from one branch to another, and not even able to eat without assistance; for those birds which are brought up by human care develop much more slowly than those which are born wild: the mother warblers are far severer than we, and *Jonquille* would have eaten alone a fortnight earlier if I had had the wisdom to leave her to herself and not give way to her importunities. *Agathe* was an intolerable little creature. She did nothing but fidget, cry out, shake her young feathers, and tease *Jonquille*, who was beginning to reflect and to propose problems, one foot hidden in the down of her robe, the head sunk into the shoulders, and the eyes half closed. Besides which, she was a very little creature, a terrible glutton, and flew at me for more to eat whenever I had the imprudence to look at her. One day I was writing some romance or other which interested me a little; I had set at some little distance the green branch on which my two pupils perched in

friendship. The weather was a little cool, and *Agathe*, still half naked, was nestling in *Jonquille's* bosom, the latter assuming the part of mother with generous amiability. They remained quiet for half-an-hour, of which I availed myself by writing; for it was rarely that they gave me so much leisure in the day-time. But at last appetite awoke, and *Jonquille*, hopping on to a chair and then upon my table, wiped off the last word from the point of my pen; whilst *Agathe*, not daring to leave the branch, flapped her wings and stretched out her neck with desperate cries. I was in the midst of my plot, and for the first time I was angry with *Jonquille*. I pointed out to her that she was old enough to eat without assistance, that she had an excellent paste in a pretty saucer, and that I was determined to shut my eyes at her idleness any longer. *Jonquille*, slightly piqued and obstinate, pouted, and returned to her branch; but *Agathe* was not so resigned, for, turning towards her, she asked her for food with incredible perseverance. No doubt she spoke to her with great eloquence, or, if she did not yet know how to express herself perfectly, her voice had accents capable of touching a feeling heart. I, barbarian that I was, looked and listened without moving, studying the visible emotion of *Jonquille*, who seemed to hesitate and to be struggling against herself. At length her resolution is taken; with one bound she hops upon the saucer, cries for an instant, as if expecting the food to come of itself, and then attacks the paste. But, O prodigy of feeling! she thinks not of satisfying her own hunger; but, filling her beak, she returns to the branch, and feeds *Agathe* with as much delicacy and address as if she were already a mother.

After this, who shall question this estimate of the feathered intelligences?

The bird is the superior being of creation. Its organisation is admirable. Its power of flight places it above man, and gives it a vital power which our genius has never enabled us to acquire. Its beak and claws possess incredible address. It has instincts of conjugal love, of foresight, and of domestic industry; its nest is a matchless work of art, of care, and of delicate luxury. Beyond all other species, the male aids the female in the duties of the family, and the father is occupied, like man, in building the habitation and preserving and nourishing the children. The bird is a singer; he is handsome, graceful, agile, vivacious, affectionate, moral, and it is doing him a grievous wrong to make him the type of inconstancy. So far as the instinct of fidelity is granted to animals, he is the most faithful of all. In the boasted canine race, the female only has the love of progeny, and is therein superior to the male; with the bird, both sexes, gifted with equal virtues, offer an example of the ideal in marriage. Then speak not lightly of birds. There are few things in which they do not equal us, and, as musicians and poets, they are naturally gifted far beyond us. The bird-man is the artist.

Returning, however, to the chain of narrative, and taking it up at the birth of Maurice Dupin: nine years after that the *old husband* died, and Marie-Aurore was a widow for the second time, and at the ripe age of forty. Now, however, she had a son to care for; and, to do her justice, she appears to have done her duty nobly. Old Dupin left his estate in disorder; but she managed affairs like a woman of business, and, having paid all debts, "found herself ruined—that is to say, in possession of an income of 75,000 livres." Soon, however, came the Revolution, and with it the confiscations. Madame Dupin was an aristocrat, but not a royalist. She regarded the proceedings of the revolutionists with detestation, but hated the excesses of the Court. Upon the feelings of this class of the aristocracy towards the monarchic party, the following passage may throw a little light:—

She was too much nurtured with Voltaire and Jean-Jacques Rousseau not to hate the abuses of the Court. She was even amongst the most violent against the coterie of the Queen; and I have found bundles of couplets, madrigals, and the most terrible satires against Marie-Antoinette and her favourites. Well-bred people copied and published these libels. The more decent ones are written by the hand of my grandmother; perhaps even some were composed by her. Some were very bold and strange. And think not that these came from the people. They descended from the saloons into the streets. I have burnt some so obscene that I should not have dared to read them through—and written too in the handwriting of abbés whom I knew in my infancy, and composed by a marquis of good birth. These leave no doubt in my mind about the profound hatred and delirious indignation of the aristocracy at this epoch. I believe that the people had no need to meddle; and that, if they had not done so, the family of Louis XVI. would have suffered the same fate, without taking rank among the martyrs.

But these revolutionary predilections afforded no protection. The disciple of Voltaire and Rousseau was struck with the rest. Convicted of having concealed a quantity of plate and money (which was an offence against the revolu-

tionary law), the widow Dupin was seized and incarcerated in the Convent des Anglaises. Immediately consequent upon her arrest came the following incident, worthy of quotation, as evidence of the active devotion to his mother felt by the young Maurice (then only a youth of fifteen), and of the disinterested courage of M. Deschartres, the tutor to whose care Madame Dupin confided her son during her imprisonment. After the arrest all papers had been sealed up, in anticipation of a search for damning proof. Deschartres comprehended that it was necessary to get at and destroy certain of these.

It was already two o'clock in the morning when the house became quiet. Then Deschartres rose, dressed himself quietly, and filled his pockets with the tools which he had obtained, not without danger. He removed the first seal, then the second, then the third. He must now open a sort of cabinet, and ransack twenty-nine boxes filled with papers; for my grandmother had not been able to tell him where to find those which would compromise her.

While he is at work he hears a noise. Human footsteps approach. He draws a pistol and prepares for the worst; but it is Maurice.

The boy, from whom he had vainly attempted to conceal his project, understood it, watched, and came to aid him. Deschartres, alarmed at seeing him share so terrible a danger, wished to send him back. Maurice placed his hand upon his mouth. Deschartres knew that the least noise, a word interchanged, might destroy them; and the countenance of the boy told him that he would not obey. Then both, in utter silence, set to work. The examination of the papers proceeds rapidly, and so does the burning. But four o'clock strikes! More than an hour is needed to shut up the doors and replace the seals. One half of the

task is undone, and at five o'clock Citizen Leblanc is invariably stirring.

They leave the task for that time, but return next night. This time the destruction of the compromising papers is finished; the seals replaced, by the aid of impressions previously taken; and the consequence was, in all probability, that the life of Madame Dupin was spared from the absence of any proof against her. She was kept, however, a close prisoner until the 4th Fructidor (22nd of August, 1794.)

By a curious coincidence, the two daughters of the bird-fancier, one of them the future wife of Maurice Dupin, were among the prisoners in the Anglaises. Victoire (the future mother of George Sand) had played her part in the revolution; for she had been selected, as the prettiest grisette of her quarter, to present flowers and recite verses before Bailly and Lafayette, at the Hôtel de Ville. But one unlucky day she sang a seditious song against the Republic, and was caged in the Convent-prison for her pains. George Sand, with the eye of a romance-writer, seizes the picturesque point of view from which this accident may be regarded.

In the midst of so great a number of prisoners, often renewed by the *departure* (execution) of some and the arrest of others, if Marie-Aurore de Saxe and Victoire Delaborde had no acquaintance or did not remark each other, it is not to be wondered at. The fact is that their mutual recollections do not date from this epoch*; but let me take here a romantic

* This is worthy of notice, because we perceive that a contemporary, who claims to be the leading authority upon literary matters, states that it was during stolen visits paid by Maurice Dupin to his mother, while she was a prisoner, that the boy fell in with Victoire Delaborde.

glimpse. I suppose that Maurice walked through the cloister, chilled and stamping against the floor as he waited to embrace his mother. I suppose, also, that Victoire was in the cloister, and noticed the beautiful boy—she who had her nineteen years already; she would have said, if they had told her that he was the grandson of the Maréchal de Saxe: "He is a pretty boy; as for the Maréchal de Saxe, I don't know him." And I suppose again that some one had said to Maurice: "Look at that poor, pretty girl, who has never heard of your grandfather, and whose father sold birds in a cage: she is your future wife"—I know not what he would have said.

From this point the memoirs (so far as they are published) consist of a series of letters written by Maurice to his mother during her imprisonment. They are written in a charming style, with equal elegance and force, and offer very conclusive proof that George Sand inherits her father's pen, strengthened indeed by practice, and impelled by a more ardent and passionate soul than appears to have animated his breast, but bearing many points of family resemblance. These letters, too, present a very vivid picture of the inner life in France during the commencement and progress of the Revolution; and we shall take occasion to return to them again.

After an interminable series of volumes, Sterne brought his hero into the earliest phases of infancy; but George Sand, after two very considerable tomes, does not even bring herself into the world—nay, her father and mother are not married: yet the title of the book is *Histoire de ma Vie*.

(To be continued.)

SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.

SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

SCIENTIFIC SUMMARY.

PHYSICS.

OSMOSE.—In No. 323 of this Journal we endeavoured, in an abstract of the Bakerian Lecture on the Osmotic Force, to point out the very important conclusions involved in the simple phenomena exhibited by various solutions during their passages through membranes, or porous bodies. Professor Graham has, since the delivery of this lecture before the Royal Society, arrived at some further conclusions respecting the force developed during the penetration of membranes by liquids; particularly with regard to the phenomena exhibited in an old process recommended by Sömmerring for concentrating a dilute alcoholic liquid, by filling a bladder with the weak spirit and exposing the bladder and its contents to warm air; when the liquid will decrease in bulk from the transmission of water through the pores of the bladder, leaving the contents of the bladder much stronger in spirit than before. The opposite of this, as we all know, occurs when a mixture of alcohol and water is exposed to the air in an open vessel: then the spirit first flies off, and leaves the water behind to evaporate at a much lower rate.

If, however, a piece of dry bladder be tied over the mouth of a jar containing a mixture of spirit and water, the reverse action obtains to that which occurs in Sömmerring's experiment; the spirit passing first through the dry membrane, just as if there were nothing to exclude the usual mode of evaporation.

It was before shown that when a saline solution, of common kitchen salt for instance, was placed in a tube closed with a membrane, and this tube plunged in a jar of water, a diffusion took place between the liquids with a speed which bore a defined relation to the amount of salt in the saline solution; and Dr. Graham believes that dissimilar liquids thus diffuse mechanically by the intervention of a force similar to that which operates in the diffusion of gases.

Alcohol, however, manifests a very different action to that exhibited by saline solutions, and one which is anomalous to that described as occurring with common salt; since, whether the mixture of alcohol and water contain 5, 10, or 20 per cent. of alcohol, the quantity of alcohol which passes through the membrane which separates the mixture from the pure water in the jar is never increased. This phenomenon would indicate the presence of a sifting or separating property existing in membranous substances, thus introducing a third element, additional to the power of diffusion and the osmose, to our notice when discussing the phenomena manifested by septata of membrane permeated by various solutions.

Professor Graham inclines to the opinion, that this anomalous behaviour of a mixture of water and alcohol is due to an arrest of diffusion, and draws attention to the resemblance of this phenomenon to the

separating and secreting powers manifested by cells in the living organism, and as being one which, as he justly observes, may prove of the highest interest to Physiology, should it be found to affect albumen and other organic substances.

APPLIED SCIENCE.

AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTRY.

SEWAGE MANURE.—How much longer are the various questions, sanitary and economical, involved under this heading, to remain unanswered? With the former we do not meddle, nor does it require debate, since clean air and water are indisputably preferable to those necessities of life in a foully polluted state; and albeit there even now exists, amongst the sanitary crusaders, many an absurdly fastidious idea of foulness which is destitute of reality, yet there is so rich a field, and stream also—to wit the Thames—open to them to do urgent battle in, that there is no present need to restrain the zeal of these enthusiasts.

It is, however, with the economical part of the question we would busy ourselves, and much need is there that this matter should be carefully considered and sifted, since the present requirements of agriculture for fertilising matters, over and above those procurable on the farm itself, are most rapidly on the increase, whilst the wherewithal to supply this demand is on the decrease; if we except the bones of all kinds, in all states, and from all parts of the world now poured into this country. Thus the question arises whence can we draw a continuous and inexhaustible supply of these fertilising matters, so as to prevent a check to the progressive advance of good farming, one chief necessity of which is, plenty of manure at a moderate price. That we possess the fertilisers in sufficient abundance, contained in the sewage of large towns, to render us independent of guano, bones, &c., there is but little doubt, if we could but get at it; and here lies the difficulty—a difficulty certainly not yet overcome, even if it be possible to do so in the end. In the neighbourhood of large towns, especially if favourably placed for the application of the sewage waters to the circumjacent market-gardens and fields, there is some fair hope of the successful application of sewage manure; but this is just the position in which it is least called for, the places calling the most loudly for a supply being the purely agricultural districts distant from these congregated masses of men; distance which adds enormously to the cost of the fertilising substances contained in sewage waters, by necessitating a manufacture and subsequent carriage of the prepared manure. Thus this subject resolves itself into the question—Will it pay to collect, prepare, and transport the fertilising matters contained in sewage?—a question which has provoked many investigations, calculations, reports, and pamphlets of various merit, according as interest, ability, or fancy swayed the contributors. Amongst these we notice a Report by

Mr. T. Wicksteed to the Metropolitan Commissioners of Sewers, upon the most advantageous mode of dealing with the sewage matter of the metropolis, with a view to the preparation of Sewage Manure, as meriting a few annotations; it being one of the most complete and not very one-sided specimen of these publications which have come into our hands.

This gentleman exposes at length the futility of the schemes for the consumption of the sewage by the cultivated lands around London, if distributed in the liquid state; and, to our mind upon very good grounds, condemns this plan *in toto*. He then falls back on the other alternative for rendering the sewage of large towns available—viz. to retain the solid matters only, and allow the liquid portions to escape. To effect this object he has recourse to one of the cheapest—perhaps the cheapest—of all known chemical reagents—slaked lime—which does a double duty, in both precipitating the suspended solid matters and deodorising them, as well as rendering inoffensive the watery portions of the contents of sewers. The process is the simple one of allowing the stream from the sewer to flow into a reservoir, together with a small stream of slaked lime mixed with water, in proportions experience has dictated; this mixture of sewage and lime is stirred up in one division of the reservoir, and is then allowed to escape slowly at the opposite extremity of this reservoir, during which passage it deposits the whole of the insoluble contents of the sewage-water, combined with the lime, as a muddy magma; the water which escapes flowing off clear and free from any offensive smell. The solid matter thus deposited is then raised from the bottom of the reservoir by means of a screw, which removes the precipitated matter without disturbing the precipitating process constantly going on in the reservoir. This mud is then raised in its semi-fluid state, by means of a machine like the dredging-machines used on the Thames, into a tank, from which it flows into a drying-machine, constructed on the centrifugal principle, and revolving at the rate of 1000 revolutions per minute, which reduces its bulk about two-thirds, this being water; and the residue is then in a sufficiently dry state to be packed in casks, or moulded as bricks for drying. The projector proceeds to state that he has good data for regarding the manure thus obtained as being worth one-fifth of the value of guano; that the cost of manufacture would not exceed 20s. per ton, i. e. one-half of its estimated value; and that the necessary works could be established at the cost of one million of money to utilise the entire sewage of the metropolis.

Let us consider for a few minutes how far this scheme is practicable upon Mr. Wicksteed's own data. He estimates the volume of sewage water from London at more than a hundred millions of gallons daily, and that it contains 1-500th of its weight of solid matter, which at 2l. per ton we may, in round numbers, put down at 650,000l. per annum, a sum of

money well worth saving for fertilising our fields. The precipitating part of the process, provided it be carried on far down the river in the Woolwich and Plaistow marshes to prevent stench, when the London sewage shall be carried to those spots, is unobjectionable if the sewage water could be made to flow into the reservoir; but as, if such a scheme of drainage be ever carried out, the level of the discharge of the sewers will probably be much below high water mark even at the marshes, the operation of pumping becomes requisite, and thus we have a first charge of raising 500 tons of water to an unknown but certainly considerable height, to be borne by twenty shillings. The cost of the lime may be disregarded, it is no important element; and we may say the same of the removing the precipitate from the reservoir; but what shall we say of the drying plan by means of the centrifugal machine, into which three tons of this mud must pass to procure one ton of manure? We have but a shadow of a doubt, considering the necessary cost of the erection of these machines, the expenditure of power to be incurred in driving them, together with the difficulty which the very nature of the material, a pulpy not a granular substance, presents to their employment, that, if practicable, the residue of the 1*l.* sterling left after the pumping is paid for will go but a little way to pay for this desiccating process. As respects the mechanical part of the process, this last part, then, seems to be the chief stumbling-block in the way of an ingenious and otherwise promising plan.

As to the chemical part of the proposition, the agent used for precipitation is cheap, and doubtless effective in causing all the suspended solid particles of the sewage water to deposit readily; but now we come to the grave defect, not in Mr. Wicksteed's plan only, but one which is, as yet, inherent in every scheme for utilising the solid matters only of our sewage, and allowing the water to escape unused as a fertiliser; and this is, that the most valuable portions of sewage water are the *soluble* portions, which are thus, perforce, allowed to run to waste—while the less valuable, the solid portions, are retained. The addition of lime would only make this matter worse instead of better. What is wanted is some cheap and abundant substance, which shall be found to have the power to abstract the *soluble* constituents of sewage water. These saline and organic matters mixed with the insoluble portion would undoubtedly yield a manure which would bear the expenses of its manufacture, and prove a discovery of incalculable and permanent value to the country; but till such a substance or some method is discovered by which this can be effected, and the soluble portions of sewage are arrested in their progress to the sea, our work is not done; and it is very questionable whether aught that we can at present effect will answer economically—in other words, whether it will pay. During the last meeting of the British Association, Dr. Wrightson showed that the natural deposit from the sewerage of Birmingham was destitute of ammoniacal salts, containing, when dried, only 1·40 per cent. of nitrogen and 3½ per cent. of earthy phosphates; whilst, in this instance, the extent of metallic impregnation would lead any chemist to the belief that such a substance used as a dressing for crops would be positively injurious instead of beneficial to them. Such considerations should weigh with those who may, from the knowledge that so much valuable matter is now wasted, be inclined to incur heavy expenditure, especially if it be of public money, lest they should throw "Good money after bad."

HERMES.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL SCIENCE.

SUMMARY.

THE *Surrey Archaeological Society*, whose establishment we had the pleasure of noticing some time ago, held its first annual meeting on the 30th June, at Kingston-on-Thames. The temporary museum at the Town-hall contained many relics of the Roman period, which had been dredged out of the bed of the Thames and collected by Dr. Roots. Various papers were read—one by Dr. Bell, on the Coronation-stone, illustrated, with the Doctor's usual wealth of curious reading, by notices of similar stones in Continental countries; Mr. Maynard read a paper on the History and Antiquities of Kingston; Mr. Corner, F.S.A., on a grant of a piece of land in Southwark by William II., Earl of Warrenne, which, in lieu of a seal, was confirmed by the deposit of a knife; Mr. W. Pettit Griffith, F.S.A., read a paper on Baptismal Fonts; and the Rev. C. Boutell on the Medieval Court of the Sydenham Palace. The meeting was signalled by the opening of a barrow at Teddington: it was about twelve feet high; and, at ten feet deep, were found the bones of a man and child, a Roman (?) spear-head, and a number of sharpened flints, said to have been knives.

The *Illustrated London News* of a few weeks ago gives an engraving of the Roman discoveries recently made at *Keston, near Bromley*, on the same site on which, in 1828, remains of Roman buildings, tombs, stone coffins, &c., were discovered; marking, it was believed by some antiquaries, the site of the hitherto unascertained Roman station of *Noviomagus*. Of the recent discoveries the most interesting is the ground-plan of a villa almost perfect, very similar in

arrangement to those at Bignor and elsewhere; no pavements were found. The foundations of another building, four feet thick, were discovered, which appeared to belong to some public building; but these were not fully explored. Some of our readers will know that there is a large camp in the neighbourhood, known as Caesar's Camp. It is to be desired that these promising researches should be prosecuted.

The second part of the *Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland* contains some subjects of interest; among them is one which will be interesting to the numerous race of Brass-rubbers. It is generally known that, while these memorials are very numerous in England and on the Continent, there are only one or two to be found in Scotland. The above work gives a lithograph of the monumental brass of the Regent Murray, dated 1569. It was removed from its monument in 1829, when the whole monument was turned out of St. Giles's Church in Edinburgh, because it was believed to be a disfigurement to the church. What makes the brass still more interesting is the fact that it is a "Palimpsest," the original design on the reverse having been a man and wife, with a Scottish inscription. Among the other papers of interest is a notice of a bronze seal of a Hebrew merchant, the legend of which runs "Solomon, son of Isaac Amamos: these are his tapestries;"—it is supposed to have been a kind of cloth seal, authenticating, in the market, the wares of the Jewish tapestry-manufacturer.

At the meeting of the *Society of Antiquaries of Newcastle-on-Tyne*, in August, the Rev. Mr. Featherstonhaugh presented several Roman antiquities, found at Chester-le-Street, including four small inscribed altars, some Samian ware and other pottery, a fictile human mask, coins, &c. These remains, Dr. Bruce observed, were of value as proving Chester-le-Street to be, what its name very clearly indicated, and what Horsley affirmed, a Roman station. Col. Coulson presented a specimen of the *angon* or barbed javelin, found at Caeruaran, a weapon common enough in the Frankish cemeteries on the Continent, but of which this is the only example in any museum in England.

At the *Kilkenny Archaeological Society's* meeting, on Sept. 20, several interesting "Ogham" monuments, recently discovered, were noticed. One was a very fine example found by Mr. Hugh N. Nevins, of Waterford, beneath the clay cliff, upon which stand the ruins of St. Bricane's Church, a small ancient chapel, now within three feet of the edge of the cliff. The inscription has been deciphered by Dr. Graves, and has been engraved for his forthcoming work on Oghams. Mr. Edward Fitzgerald, of Youghal, stated that, on a recent visit to the ancient city of St. Declan, Ardmore, county Waterford, he had discovered a fine Ogham stone in good preservation, and inscribed on both edges, built into the east end of St. Declan's oratory, a structure believed to be of the early part of the fifth century. Mr. J. C. Tuomey, of Búrderrig, county Wicklow, communicated his discovery of a fine cromlech and hitherto unnoticed Ogham monument, near the church of Castletimon, in the parish of Kilbride, county Wicklow. The stone, which is about five feet long, one foot high, and two feet wide, is well known in the neighbourhood as "the Giant's stone;" but the Ogham inscription had been hitherto overlooked. Mr. Ed. Hoare, of Cork, communicated an account of a *Hiberno-Danish coin*, found at Fermoy in 1820, on breaking up one of the circular mounds or entrenchments called *Raths*. It is of silver, eleven grains in weight; and the reverse is copied from a penny of Henry I. of England. The Rev. James Graves gave an account of the extraordinary find of gold ornaments near Newmarket-on-Feargus, on the Limerick and Ennis Railway, which is given in full in the late Mr. Crofton Croker's paper in Mr. C. Roach Smith's "Collectanea Antiqua," noticed below.

Vol. III. Part IV. of Mr. C. Roach Smith's valuable periodical work, the *Collectanea Antiqua*, contains, first, an account of a visit to the *Roman Castra at Risingham and High Rochester*, on the Roman wall, in company with Dr. Bruce, of Newcastle, the historian of the wall. The next article is upon the *Faussett Collection of Saxon Antiquities*, which Mr. Smith is editing, and which we have on former occasions noticed to our readers. The third describes the curious fragment of *Samian Pottery at Leicester*, bearing the names of *Verecunda Lydia*, and *Lucius Gladiator*, which we have previously noticed in a recent number of the *CRITIC*. Next follows a plate of fourteen *curious Roman leaden seals*, which appear to have been attached, by means of holes in them, to articles of merchandise, according to a fashion continued down to a recent period. And, lastly, we have a long paper by the late Mr. Crofton Croker on the *Discoveries of Gold Plates in Ireland*. It is illustrated with woodcuts, and contains many very interesting facts, told in a very charming gossiping style. This paper has an additional melancholy interest from being the last paper which Crofton Croker wrote. Mr. Smith, with very nice feeling, has circulated a number of copies of the paper, as a kind of memento of its talented and amiable writer.

The excavations which have been prosecuted during the year amidst the ruins of *Herculaneum and Pompeii* have produced some very interesting results. Two large houses near the sea-side at Herculaneum have been opened, without, however, the discovery of any objects of great value. At Pompeii the excavations,

discontinued for a long time, have been resumed, and already have been rewarded by several valuable discoveries; at present the labourers are at work laying open the course of the wall which surrounds the city. Among other objects of interest recently found at Pompeii, there was found near the Little Theatre a fine bronze of Apollo, of the Roman period of art, of life size, finely executed, and in perfect preservation, which is now deposited in the Bronze-room of the Royal Museum at Naples. Many other objects of interest, which had been stowed away in lumber-chambers, have recently been arranged and placed in their appropriate places in the rooms of this museum. Among other things of special interest is a magnifying glass—the first example of the kind which has yet been discovered. Hitherto it has been doubted by the *savans* whether the ancients had discovered the use of the magnifying glass; though they knew the magnifying power of a globe filled with water. It might have been presumed that they had, from the minuteness of some of the devices and legends on their engraved gems, which cannot now be deciphered—and therefore it is fair to argue could not have been executed—without such artificial aid to the eye. By the same reasoning we may assume that the magnifier was known to the ancient Assyrians, since the cuneiform inscriptions upon some of their art-remains are so small as to require a magnifier to make them legible.

Canosa (Canusium), with its numerous *Greek tombs* hitherto unknown, has also recently furnished to this Museum a large collection of most valuable objects. These tombs are remarkable for their rich and tasteful architecture, for their columns, and for the paintings which cover them. In each of these monuments is found the mortuary furniture of the ancients, arms of peculiar forms, terra cottas, paintings upon glass, various bracelets, head-dresses, rings, gold ear-rings, cameos, vases of remarkable workmanship, &c. &c. Near *Cirpa* has been discovered a *Sannite mortuary chamber*, in which were a quantity of black vases: the walls of this chamber are covered with paintings, representing principally women with the ancient mystic double flute. Generally, all which has been for some time past discovered in these tombs of Apulia is not only valuable, but important in the highest degree for archaeology, which there finds matter entirely new for its researches. Near *Luceria* were found, some weeks ago, terra cottas and vases of a form less perfect, but covered with paintings such as have not hitherto been remarked, except upon the similar monuments in the neighbourhood of the Egyptian Ninive. At *Pestum* also some very important tombs of the *Early Greek period* have been discovered: the *Illustrated London News* of Nov. 18 gives engravings of the frescoes which adorned the exterior walls of one of them.

ARCHITECTURE.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF ARCHITECTURE AS A FINE ART.

THE *Builder* has given a series of views of the *Architectural Courts in the Crystal Palace*; and, so far as they go, they are sufficiently stimulative of a desire for the acquisition of architectural knowledge and taste. When the author of the "Palace of Architecture" published that work, fourteen years ago, he little thought that his idea of representing the architectural world in a vast garden, by apportioning its divisions and subdivisions to constructed models of the Temples of every nation and all ages, would be realised, to such an extent as it has been, in a vast glazed conservatory; but he may be still inclined to think that, if his plan were practicable, it would afford a much more comprehensive scheme of architectural instruction than can be even supposed to be practicable within the confines of a roofed building. Not content with the exhibition of characteristic parts and details of the great works, from the time of the Pharaohs to that of John Soane, he illustrates his notion of erecting models of the works entire, the interiors of which were to contain museums for the congregated assemblage of all such fragmental features as exhibited the perfection of minute beauty; so that the eye, first addressed by the general form of the structure in its mass and full development, should be subsequently wooed to inspect its component parts and decorative details; and, at all events, he regarded this plan of instruction as capable of being carried out, to a highly beneficial degree, in a book so richly illustrated as to make the pen merely assistant to the more important industry of the graver. Wherever the latter could be made to operate he applied it—not so much with a view to picture as to the use of pictorial types of ideas. Thoroughly to work out his plan would have required, at the least, a goodly folio of much more studied designs and a greatly increased amount of woodcuts and letterpress; but he presumed to aim at nothing more than a comprehensive manual of architecture, addressed to the general reader, to young gentlemen, and especially to ladies, since he put forth his book under the sanctioned patronage of the Lady Dowager Morley, whose artistic and literary accomplishments justly commanded his homage. To some, and in particular instances to a great extent, the aims of the author of the "Palace of Architecture" have been most substantially presented by the

spirited zeal and liberality of the proprietors of the *Sydenham Palace*; and, in saying that much is yet to be done, we would at the same time admit that much more has been done already than the most daring projector would, only a short time back, have ventured to reckon upon. When, however, the pecuniary proceeds of the Sydenham Polytechnic shall have repaid the shareholders with at least a remunerative interest for money, we will hope the architectural departments will be rendered far more complete. We have, in a former article, alluded to the deficiency which requires supply in the representation of the great works of India. The Hindu wonders of Ellora and Elephanta, of the rock temples and structural examples, so beautifully set forth in the volumes of Mr. Fergusson, as well as the Mahomedan buildings of the same great locality, will, we trust be represented in a manner that may give a new interest to the world's great rare-show. The Alhambra romance is but a chapter in the volume of Mahomedan art, without the display of any of those external grandeur which appear in the Taj Mahal of Agra, in the Mosques of Ispahan, and in the palaces of the Mogul emperors. The eccentric splendours of the Burmese temple, the whimsical beauties of the Chinese pagoda, the singular magnificence of the Kremlin and Tartaric examples of Moscow—all these are surely of not less value in promoting a catholic appreciation of architectural forms than Byzantine and Mediæval transition models. Then the mysterious and monstrous splendours of Central America, so interestingly delineated in the works of Stephens and Catherwood, should have their "court" assigned to them.

But, apart from the entirely new subjects which merit attention, there is much yet to be done in perfecting the development of what has been already considered; and this brings us to the point which these remarks would more especially allude to. The Pompeian, Alhambra, and Renaissance Courts are perhaps sufficiently stored with material for a full appreciation of their respective styles; but the Egyptian, Greek, Roman, Byzantine, and Gothic representations should be enriched with models—not of any particular ancient examples—but of comprehensive designs, in which the general form of each variety of temple, at its best period, may be presented; with such additions as ancient precedent may warrant, though no old example may be extant to display them. Thus, in the English Gothic Court, for instance, we would have a model of the perfect Cathedral Church, whose general form is suggested by that of the triple-spired Lichfield, corrected and completed by the best according secondary forms and details of other churches; none positively imitated, but simply accepted as harmoniously adaptable by artistic modification. We can imagine nothing more likely to advance professional ability and public taste than the exhibition of such a model as would result from an invitation to architects to give in designs for its formation. Sectional models, showing the interior and the construction, would accompany the main bulk model; or parts of the latter might be so removed as to show the interior without impairing the general effect, which would often be sufficiently preserved by retaining the entire length of one side and the two ends complete; the other side being omitted, so that the spectator would look against a longitudinal section of nave and choir, and into one of the transepts.

By the way, there is a model in dilapidated existence, which, as it appears to be uncared for by the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's Cathedral, might possibly be obtained and perfected, or indeed reconstructed, by the proprietors of the Crystal Palace. We allude to Sir Christopher Wren's model of the cathedral which he desired to erect in lieu of the present structure; and we think it due to the professional fame of that great man to call public attention to the design which is said to have been his favourite. There is a plan of it in Elmes's "Life of Wren;" and we wonder no architectural author has thought of the interest that would unquestionably attach to a quarto publication giving views, plans, elevations, and sections of a design which is thus eulogised by Mr. Elmes. "The plan of the model possesses an originality peculiarly striking. Copied from no other building, it exhibits judgment and invention in every turn. Its series of cupolettas round the grand central dome is beautiful, and would have proved eminently effective in execution; and the variety of views from the different parts of the building, seen in various lights as the spectator approaches, recedes, or perambulates its varied scenes, afford a more numerous assemblage of various, beautiful, and picturesque combinations, than almost any other plan in existence." It cannot be doubted, at all events, that the regeneration of this interesting remnant of our great architect's genius, and which might, perhaps, declare itself to be the *chef-d'œuvre* of his conception, would prove a precious addition to the gems of art which enrich the Sydenham Palace. The unequalled majesty, grace, and beauty of the existing cathedral are unquestionable; but it was erected under subjection to the will of James Duke of York, who compelled the architect to build his Protestant church on a Roman Catholic plan; and it is, now especially, most desirable that we should see the model of that cathedral which Wren would have followed out in honour of the reformed faith.

We have been led away from the more immediate theme with which we began; but, on recurring to it, we find that we have little more to say. We would conclude the subject, therefore, by merely remarking that a knowledge of architectural details is nothing more in respect to architectural design, than an acquaintance with select words in regard to literary composition. We require to be assured of the massive substantiality of an argument before we can repose on the consideration of its graceful embellishments and well-turned phrases.

Apart from the "Courts" of what may be termed educational architecture, are others which exhibit the results of architectural education; and the *Builder* gives three views of the *Industrial Courts* (Vol. XII. p. 523), which are satisfactorily indicative of the invention and accomplished taste of their designers. The *Musical Instruments* are inclosed, as they should be, in a court, the architecture of which is solid in tone and pervading in harmony. The melody is simple, but effectively emphasised in its several more swelling passages, while feeling and sweetness are shown in its colouring. The *Sheffield Court* is, in the rich and minute character of its delicate arched inclosure, admirably of a piece with the metallic castings which form its store; while the *Printed Fabric Court* cleverly and tastefully combines a union of solid with slender architecture, the latter affording room for that maximum display of plate-glass which the exhibition of the "fabrics" requires. The *Renaissance Court* might also be adopted as a rich specimen of show-shop architecture (Vol. XII. p. 451); nor can we help regarding it as more fitting the exhibition of embroidered silks and satins than of the regal and martial statues, &c., which are shown in the view; though we may admit that Madam Tussaud's clothed wax group of Napoleon and the Allied Sovereigns would form a suitable central object for such an interior.

St. Mark's School, Liverpool, by Mr. T. D. Barry (as represented in the *Builder*, Vol. XII. p. 535), is certainly no common-place example of modern Gothic. It would, indeed, seem that nothing vulgar can come from a Barry. The tower is beautiful in its unpretending degree; its adjoining gable well filled with a pointed window of effective design, surmounting a flat-headed window of pleasing detail; while the plan is ingenious, and the general form of the building very good. But, why has the pointed window that transome close to the sill, and crushing between them the four little trefoil openings, which look like the tops of lights originally intended to be of proportionate length with those above, and cut short to suit the limited height of the main aperture? Why is the capping of the gable, on the spectator's left, carried below the parapet, so as to enforce a shorter window below it than the corresponding one under the towers? Why, again, the extremely high-pointed window on one side, to contrast with the tiny peephole on the other? and why is the uniformity of the pair of doors disturbed by the decorated head of one exclusively? We have small openings in large spaces, and large windows in small ones. The square mullioned and transomed opening, in the wing on the observer's right, is crammed in, to the weakening of that part of the building, while it is inharmonious in character with the rest, and assuredly requires that the buttress should have projected in a direction flush with the front instead of at a right angle to it. Internal necessities may be pleaded; but the artistic skill of an architect is shown in the united consideration of interior management and external expression. In some parts of the design we suspect the *quaint* has been aimed at, in mere conformity with precedent. We cannot, however, see why uniformity of general character, and a just balance of parts, are less admirable (where circumstances permit them) in a Gothic than in a Grecian elevation; and we regret that, in a building displaying so much refined taste as the *Liverpool School of St. Mark*, the high merit of the design in general is not pervading.

The *Builder* (Vol. XII. p. 547) gives a woodcut of the imposing and palatial front of a *Nottingham warehouse*, in which the vendors of lace are housed in a building magnificent enough for the high-born dames who are to wear it. It may be described as a sort of Tudorised Italian, with an unaccountable little bit of Church Gothic at the bottom of the wing on the spectator's right. Here, the very part of the wing front which should have been the simplest and sturdiest is the most ornate and fragile. Perhaps it is the beginning of a theme, very properly discontinued—the remnant of an abandoned intention. Admiration for the imposing bulk and general good effect of the building rather overbears criticism; and indeed there may be much in its masses and in some of its details to approve; but the worst of these nondescript designs is their continued disturbance of the efforts which are being made to establish principles of taste and judgment. There must ever be a generous reluctance to appear to cavil with the "minor defects" of so impressive a structure as the one under notice; but it must be remembered, so far as our aims at attainable perfection are concerned, that "minor" errors are the components of which (if permitted to pass uncorrected) a monster error may be hereafter perpetrated. Passing over the medley character of the *Nottingham warehouse*, as defiantly independent of criticism, we will

allude to one error in the central compartment, the commission of which is really surprising. It is of superior height (as it ought to be) in comparison with the wings; but it is also of inferior width (which we will admit to have been compulsory). Such being the case, there should have been, if possible, fewer vertical lines than in the wider and lower wing compartments. There are, however, more. There are four additional thorough perpendicular breaks, to make the narrow narrower, and to injure that expression of breadth which should never be lost sight of as an essential of grandeur. Why the breaks close to the central bay? and, more especially, why the breaks close to the outer sides of the windows on each side the bay? It is not only that the simplicity of the exterior is thereby damaged, but that the side windows are forced into a position most hurtful to internal effect; for a reference to the plan will show that these windows, which should and might have been central in the front wall of the staircase and porter's room, are pushed into awkward positions near the corners of the rooms! We see no reason why the windows, on each side of the central bay, should not have exactly corresponded with those on each side the bays of the wings. At all events, the square-headed windows, as shown, would have been much better in effect if removed to the positions proper to the plan; and it is because the error is perfectly gratuitous that we so particularly allude to it. Had the additional vertical breaks being given to the wing elevations only, there would have been reason in it, because this would have tended, by diminishing their breadth, to have left an apparent balance of breadth in the central compartment.

In the *Builder* (Vol. XII. p. 559) is a most interesting view of *Burlington House, Piccadilly*—that oft-talked-of architectural mystery, which, though at length public property, is as much a mystery as ever, save as it regards the partial development which the *Builder's* artist has contrived furtively to effect.

A fated obstruction seems to have ever stood in the way of its entire presentation by the engraver. The general plan of the whole palace, with elevations of the main edifice, and of the Piccadilly gateway, have been, we believe, published by Colin Campbell in his "Vitruvius Britannicus," and repeated on a too minute scale by Britton, in the first volume of his "Public Buildings of London;" and in the latter work a promise was held out that the *colonnade* would be illustrated and described thereafter; but this intimation has never been realised. Only enough has been shown and described to stimulate curiosity to a painful excess. The plan of the *Court of the Forty Columns* is before us, to excite all the interest which attaches to the titles of those renowned dramas, "The Forty Thieves" and "The Field of the Forty bloody Footsteps!"—and there is the expressed wonder of the author of "The Castle of Otranto" at unexpectedly seeing "the vision of a colonnade, that seemed one of those edifices in fairy tales, raised by geni in a night-time." Happy the Genii of the Board of Works! Happy the Right Hon. Baronet of Pencarrow, who may range at will in the enchanted palace, into which the vulgar herd of British tax-payers may no more intrude than "noisome insects" into the magic stuccoed halls of the Alhambra!

But let our readers turn to the representation in the *Builder*, so far as it goes. The main body of the mansion hardly aspires to the magnificent, for neither in size nor decorative richness is it very remarkable; but it presents an elevation of eminent beauty in respect to its simple harmony and just proportions; nor could we desire any improvement beyond that of rendering its entrance door-way something more emphasised. The lateral buildings seem to exhibit a judicious subservience, though we cannot securely speak of their perfectly harmonious alliance, from what we see of them, foreshortened as they are, in the view. The street gateway is, of course, familiar to every omnibus-driver and his cad. It is of excellent general outline and proportions; but the lines of the two central columns should be continued by breaks in the work above, to underlie the cornice of the pediment, the panel being diminished in length, and characterised by some inscription. The vousoirs of the great arch are too large in their space, and should be made to combine with the continued horizontal channelling of the wing rustications. The impost, too, may be thought to want boldness, and the niches are (if represented rightly) too short. The impost course might be omitted altogether; and then the niches might spring up to their proper altitude, which would lengthen them one-half, and afford room for figures of suitable proportion. It would be good practice for young architects to take such examples of our earlier Palladian architecture as have the general merit displayed in the Burlington House gateway, and improve upon them in the manner we have presumed to suggest. The exercise of present taste and judgment under the control of old and mainly approved models, is at once productive of original thought and preservative of reverential modesty, the best and safest process towards an ultimate independence of thought and action.

In respect to Palladian design, we can rarely take the models produced by its great originator (or rather his whose name has by common consent been designatively applied to it) as worthy of uncorrected adoption. The enthusiasm of the Italian editors, in respect to the published works of "their most illustrious Palladio,"

is often much more pardonable than just, excepting as regards what *was* admirable in its day. He was often happy in the elegance of his designs; but *majesty* was a quality which his perception does not appear to have fully reached. The Basilica at Vicenza is a masterpiece of ingenuity and imaginative invention, and other buildings attest a highly refined feeling for the beautiful; but his designs are sometimes heavy, and at other times meagre, in effect; and, giving him every credit for having put us in the way of what is good, we have occasionally followed up his directing impulse to results more satisfactory than any by himself achieved.

POPULAR MEDICINE.

THE NEWS AND GOSSIP OF THE MEDICAL WORLD.

I. NEW BOOKS.

Report of the Sanitary Committee appointed by the Directors of the Poor of the united parishes of St. Giles-in-the-Fields and St. George, Bloomsbury, Sept. 20, 1853.

If a doubt still exists in the mind of any prejudiced person, as to the efficiency of sanitary improvements in arresting the ravages of the cholera, he should read this report, which, though not published, has been printed by order of the parish authorities, and may doubtless be procured of the parish officers. The following are the chief points to which we wish to request attention:—On the threatened invasion of cholera, in the autumn of 1853, this committee was appointed, with legal powers to cleanse the Augean Stable of this notorious neighbourhood. They report that immediately upon their appointment they caused the *Circulars and Instructions* of the Poor Law Board and the Board of Health to be distributed throughout the parishes; that they appointed an additional inspector of nuisances; and that within six weeks every house infected in 1849 was visited and reported upon by the inspectors and by the medical officers of the parish. Several new sewers were built, and some hundreds of new drains made. Upwards of four hundred cess-pools were filled in, all the courts in suspected districts were constantly lime-whited, and sanitary improvements were effected in upwards of a thousand tenements. It should be mentioned that, before these improvements were carried out, a considerable change for the better in the parish of St. Giles had resulted from the operation of the Common Lodging-houses Act, and the vigilance of the police in carrying this useful Act into effect. The parochial authorities had likewise taken in hand that notorious locality, Church-lane, formerly the most pestilential part of the parish, in which typhus was always present, and where cholera had raged most fatally in both its former visitations. This street had been newly drained, abundantly supplied with water, cleansed and ventilated throughout, and the refuse of the street removed twice a day. Now let us notice the results of these improvements. When this spot was visited in 1853 by Dr. Milroy (accompanied by the churchwarden and the medical officer of the parish), its sanitary condition was highly satisfactory. The street was clean, the houses sweet; and, although fever had never before been absent, there was not then one single case of fever among the fifteen hundred of inhabitants, mostly of the lowest class; indeed, the medical officer reported that he knew of but one single individual who was ill. The parish generally had benefited to an almost equal extent. In 1853 only a solitary case of cholera occurred, and that one was in the person of a man who had just arrived in a state of drunkenness from an infected neighbourhood in the Borough, and was seized with cholera on the following morning. In 1854 the number of fatal cases of cholera occurring among the pauper population was only 73; whereas in 1832 there were 253 deaths, and in 1849 as many as 227 deaths. And the most remarkable circumstance is, that, of these 73 individuals who perished in 1854 in the parish, not one was known as belonging to the parish. "The persons among whom cholera occurred," says the report, "were in most cases destitute and friendless, apparently beggars or wanderers, unknown in the parish. No fatal case has occurred amongst the known paupers, either in the poor-house or on any of the Parochial Relief Boards. In 1849 there were very few of this class, in 1854 not one; and although 54 cases, many of which were exceedingly severe, and of whom 31 died, were, as in 1849, admitted into the wards of the infirmary, yet in no instance did the disease extend to the nurses or other inmates." Among the common lodging-houses there has been an equally remarkable improvement. In 1849 thirty-six of them were infected, in 1854 only fifteen; in the former year 71 of their inmates were attacked, in the latter but 29. The following extract from the report cannot be too carefully studied, as the matters referred to deeply concern the health, not of these parishes only, but of every parish in London:—"While the committee cannot but congratulate the directors upon the mildness of this last visitation in these parishes, as compared with the ravages of the epidemic in 1832 and 1849, they feel it incumbent upon them to point out that there are causes to which by far the larger proportion of the deaths appear to them to be attri-

butable in this last, as well as the previous epidemics, namely, the misery and utter destitution of the victims, and the effects of certain localities, which, in spite of general sanitary improvements and most anxious vigilance, have still been subjected to a fatality which appears to demand yet further investigation. It is desirable to ascertain, whether this high mortality be owing to the circumstance of these dwellings being the natural and necessary refuge of the lowest and most destitute of the homeless poor, or whether there be any local source of disease which may yet prove removable. The committee incline to the opinion that the miserable and destitute condition of the sufferers is the chief source of the evil; and that this exists on so large a scale and to so fearful an amount, extending throughout every populous district in the metropolis frequented by these wanderers, that it is far beyond the power of any parish to compete with it. Even the provision of wholesome habitations for persons in the lowest stage of misery and want, and its consequent debility, would appear but an inadequate defence against a pestilential influence which seeks out and destroys those who are too feeble to resist it, wherever they may chance to reside. On one or two points, however, the committee would offer a suggestion. The Common Lodging-houses Act, although it has effected an amount of good which can scarcely be exaggerated, does not reach all the evils of overcrowding; and it appears very desirable that its insufficiency should be brought before the notice of the Legislature during the ensuing session. A provision for the prompt removal of the dead from the infected house is also very desirable."

II. MEDICAL NEWS.

A society has recently been formed in London which has for its object "*the inculcation and extension of spiritual religion amongst medical students*;" and the means proposed for this end are "chiefly the formation of local meetings amongst the students for the reading of the Holy Scriptures and for prayer." On the 10th Nov. a meeting of medical students, convened by advertisement, was held on Friday evening, the 10th inst., at Exeter Hall,* which is said to have been attended by "upwards of three hundred persons, of whom forty or fifty were medical practitioners, and the remainder students." It appears, however, that a clergyman of the Church of England and a minister of the Kirk of Scotland were likewise present, and "offered prayer." Dr. C. J. B. Williams occupied the chair, and Mr. Grainger delivered an address, in which he expounded the objects of the society, and proposed a theological creed required to be accepted by candidates for membership. Whether the Bishops of London and Winchester were solicited to attend, or whether their sanction to this association had been asked, does not appear in the report; nor does it appear that any incumbent of any parish in London, Westminster, or Southwark, in which a hospital stands, or in which medical students generally reside, was present at this meeting; and, except from the circumstance that one solitary clerical member of the Church of England was present, it would appear from this movement, either that the medical students of the metropolis are supposed to be uncared for by the Church of England, and moreover that the clergy of London, zealous as most of them are known to be in every good work, are not to be trusted with the spiritual care of the medical students residing in their respective parishes—or, what is the more probable, as well as the more charitable solution of the anomaly, that the bishops and clergy were asked to sanction the association, but do not approve of its construction. It is certainly much to be regretted that so much religious zeal should so unguardedly and unadvisedly have exerted its strength. It is most gratifying indeed to find that some two hundred and fifty of the medical students of London are more or less interested in religion, and that several of their professional teachers are anxious that their religion should be cultured and encouraged. But the indiscretion of forming a "Christian Medical Association" on such a foundation as this is but too painfully obvious, and we greatly fear that much more evil than good will result from it. The reading of the Scriptures and prayer are certainly all-important duties; but we do not see the necessity of a special "meeting" for this purpose, when daily service is provided for in every church; and if a hospital exists where the morning and evening bell cannot be heard, even there a chaplain is provided, whose duty it is to conduct the appointed services for each morning and evening, within the very walls of the hospital. Then, as to the creed of the association, which, in the words of Mr. Grainger, "clearly sets forth the principles of its members," we confess that we could not ourselves subscribe to it, unless some of its articles were more "clearly" expounded to us. Take, for instance, the first article, namely, "The Divine inspiration, authority, and sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures." Sufficiency for what? With one exception, each article is equally ambiguous. The creed is certainly not the creed of the Church of England; nor, we believe, the entire creed of any sect. It assumes, indeed, to have selected the *essentials* of religious belief, and to have left the *nonessentials* to chance. But who is it that presumes to say how much of the truth of the Scriptures is necessary, and

how much unnecessary to be believed? And who gave him this authority? We would suggest to these manglers of divinity, that the temple of truth is beautiful only in its integrity; and we have no authority to take exaggerated views of two or three disputed doctrines, fragments severed from the temple, and call them essential. The economy of redemption, like the fabric of nature, is beautiful only in its integrity. Life refuses to dwell (as every medical student knows) in the disordered and mangled clay. The word of God, like his works, is a beautiful whole, and must be studied entire, or it may lead to error. The essential matters of Christianity are, we apprehend, not a few favourite views of doctrine, but just all the doctrines, and all the duties too, which are taught by Our Saviour and his apostles. Mr. Grainger does not teach anatomy as he proposes to teach theology. He studies a human subject not as a mere respiring automaton, but as a beautiful and entire machine having the whole structure and functions of a man. To awaken the attention of students to their religious duties; to encourage them to pursue the salvation of their souls, in spite of the jeers of the profane; to fortify them in the grounds of their faith, and to promote in them habits of devotion and works of piety:—oh, this is a goodly work! all credit to the hearts of those who are disposed to undertake it! But there is a right and a wrong way of doing good; and we fear the worthy and excellent founders of this association have unhappily chosen the wrong. Let the professors and teachers at our medical schools set a religious example—let them encourage the students in their religious duties, check profaneness and impurity—and touch upon the wisdom and power and benevolence displayed in the human structure, with reverence and awe; but the teaching of theology is no part of their vocation, and we humbly think they had better let it alone. There is a palpable evil arising out of the existence of this association, which we hope the framers of it have not well considered. It is clear that no medical student, however sincere and earnest his piety may be, can attach himself to this body if he happen to be an honest and consistent member of the Church of England; since the society, both in its creed and its constitution, ignores and disparages the Church, and virtually repudiates her doctrine and discipline. And yet it will naturally be concluded that those students who decline to join the association are indifferent or opposed to spiritual religion. It will therefore tend to strife and disunion, to jealousy and hostility, where there ought to be union and love. Surely there is enough of division in the Church already, without this firebrand, which we fear will burn more hearts than it melts. If the medical student is a member of the Church of England, he will find in the Church, if he is disposed to seek it, every encouragement and help which he may need. If he be a Dissenter, the metropolis cannot fail to supply him, whatever be the peculiarity of his creed, with a pastor and a people after his own heart. We therefore advise the pious student to pursue his duties without affecting the distinction offered to him by this well-meant effort for his benefit. If he be sincere, he will find the way to Heaven, without walking on stilts.

ART AND ARTISTS.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

AMONG the art-gossip of the day, we read that Messrs. Colnagii have dispatched an artist, Mr. William Simpson, to the Crimea, to take sketches of places made celebrated by the war.—Glasgow is likely to have a Fine-Art Gallery. Mr. A. McLellan, a late citizen, has bequeathed the city a fine collection of pictures and statues, and, it is reported, has made a provision for a Fine-Art Chair in the University.—Central Schools for the mining districts of Cornwall are to be established at Turo, under the control of the Department of Science and Art. There will be three teachers—one for mineralogy and chemistry, another for mathematics and mechanics, and a third for practical mining.—India is proving fruitful in subscriptions to the fund for raising a monument to Professor Wilson. The name of the Governor-General heads the list with a handsome subscription of 25*l*. Sir William and Lady Gomm also contribute a munificent joint donation of 50*l*.—Mr. Philip H. Delamotte has been elected Professor of Drawing at King's College, London. Mr. Delamotte has paid much attention to photography.—The Manchester Memorial to Wellington consists of a colossal statue of his Grace as he appeared in the House of Lords on the occasion of his pronouncing his celebrated peroration, "I am one of those who have passed probably a longer period of my life engaged in war than most men." &c. The statue surmounts a pedestal and plinth of red granite, around which are statues, seated, representing the mythological deities of War, Wisdom, Victory, and Peace. The height of the whole from the base to the summit is nearly forty feet. The Duke in modern costume, the angular parts of which have by judicious management been got rid of, and the treatment is very broad, simple and effective. The likeness is accurately preserved, and the attitude dignified and characteristic. The subordinate figures are in a pure taste, and expressive of power and ma-

* Association Medical Journal, Nov. 17.

jesty. The group is about to be cast in bronze, and the model will in a few days be sent to the foundry for that purpose. At present it is at the studio of the artist, Mr. Noble, in Bruton-street, Berkeley-square, where the admirers of the great warrior and the patrons of the higher order of art may for a short time avail themselves of the opportunity of seeing it.—A fine statue of white marble, from the chisel of Mr. Thripp, has just been erected in Westminster Abbey, to perpetuate the memory of the poet Wordsworth. It represents the author of the "Excursion" sitting in the open air, in a contemplative mood. He is resting on a moss and ivy-matted stone or knoll, with the green sward at his feet enamelled with flowers; the legs are crossed; his right hand and arm are wound gracefully round one knee; the left hand, with the forefinger slightly uplifted, is laid upon an open book, which the poet has just been reading; the eyes are bent, in pensive admiration, upon the flowers at his feet; and the spectator may fancy him saying:—

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

The conception is an exceedingly felicitous one; the whole attitude of the figure is singularly easy and graceful, and the sculptor has been equally happy in rendering the head and features of the deceased, with which the public are more or less familiar. It has been placed in a niche of the Baptistery, which those acquainted with the Abbey will remember is situated immediately on the right on entering by the great western door, where, by the way, it is exceedingly apt to be overlooked. As yet, no inscription appears upon the base of the monument; but the Rev. Dr. Wordsworth has caused a copy of the poet's Sonnet on Baptism to be placed in immediate contiguity to it, as if it were in contemplation to make that part of the inscription. The statue is not habited in the modern costume.

The French photographers in the East have already sent to Paris 400 photographs of incidents of the campaign.—The equestrian statue of Charles XIV. (Bernadotte), executed by Fogelberg, and cast in bronze at Munich, at the expense, not of the Swedish people or any part of it, but of his son King Oscar, was opened with great pomp at Stockholm, on the 4th. It was entirely a military spectacle.—The fine-art events of the day at Rome (says the *Post*) are the completion of some statues for the Crystal Palace, executed in the new material invented by Dr. Braun. Very large models of the Coliseum and Pantheon are also about to leave Rome for the Crystal Palace. They will form very interesting objects, as they are executed on a scale from which a correct idea of their grand proportions is perfectly conveyed. Mr. Gibson and Mr. Macdonald, the two best-known British sculptors in Rome, are each executing works for her Majesty.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

NEW MUSIC.

Boosey's Opera Journal, for the Pianoforte. Books I. to XII.—Each of these works contains a popular opera, arranged without words. The adaptation is good, the publication handsome in appearance, and the price remarkably low. This is owing to the reversion of the foreign copyright law, which is certainly a source of advantage to the public, both in music and literature. The series includes Ernani, Rigoletto, Trovatore, and Sonnambula, and nearly all the operas which now possess the stage.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT-CHAT.

THE London Sacred Harmonic Society will commence on Monday its seventh season; Handel's oratorio, "Judas Maccabeus," being selected for the occasion. It is intended during the performance to present a testimonial to Mr. Surman, the conductor, for the zeal and attention he has bestowed to its interest. Miss Birch, Miss Wells, Miss M. Wells, Mr. A. Braham, Mr. Farquharson, and Mr. Seymour, are the principal vocalists.—A new theatre is now building at Genoa. It is to bear the name of Teatro Verdi, and will be exclusively devoted to the performance of that maestro's compositions.—Madame Cavacapa, who had been engaged to sing with castanets at one of the Paris concert *cafés*, was recently charged before a court of justice with "having of late sung sleepily and grown careless over her castanets." The judge heard the complaint gravely, and dismissed it.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY CIRCLES.

MR. HARDY, of Penmanshiel, Berwickshire, is engaged upon a botanical dictionary.—The author of "Alton Locke" has taken to natural history, to the great delight of the readers of the *North British Review*.—"The Autobiography of P. T. Barnum, Esq.," announced for publication by J. S. Redfield, is now in the market. The *New York Tribune* says that, previous to this disagreement between the author

and his publisher, 66,000 copies of the work had been ordered by the trade.—A manuscript, by Francisco Ximenes, a celebrated Dominican, entitled "Historia de la Provincia de San Vincente de Chiappas y Goathmala," has just been discovered in a convent of Guatemala, and it contains most valuable materials for the ancient history of Mexico and Central America. Father Ximenes was a great traveller, and was remarkably well versed in the Indian languages. His writings are highly esteemed, and the manuscript just found, and which was known to exist, has long been sought after by Mexican savans.

Mr. Charles Dickens has consented to read his "Christmas Carol" to the members of the Educational Institute in connection with the Bradford Temperance Association on the 28th instant.—Mr. Somerville, "One who Whistled at the Plough," is said to be the *Morning Herald's* correspondent in the Crimea.—Mr. W. Hazlitt, whose name is well known in connection with literature, has been appointed registrar in Mr. Commissioner Fonblanque's court, in the room of Mr. Pollock, resigned on account of ill-health.—Bossuet's coffin and tomb, which had long been lost, have just been discovered in the cathedral of Meaux. The tomb is to be reinstated with a grand funeral service.—During the last few days, hundreds of persons have been to visit the chair in which Alexander Pope was accustomed to sit in the park of Bevois Mount, at Southampton. The chair is formed of the trunk of a gigantic ash tree, hollowed out; the top of it is thatched over. A person sitting in it faces the south, and overlooks a beautiful dell. Bevois Mount Park has been thrown open to the public this week by the Mayor of Southampton, whose property it is.

A private in the 93d Highlanders, writing to his father in Caithness, informs him that the sheet of paper forming his letter had cost him five shillings!—The attendance at the University of Edinburgh this year (says a correspondent) has fallen off, as compared with that of last year; the total number of matriculated students is 924, of whom 497 are in the faculty of arts, 340 in that of medicine, and 87 in that of law.

Mr. W. K. Loftus, who is exploring Assyria and the ruins of Babylon, writes from Mossoul:—"I have discovered a palace twenty feet below the level of any that has yet been found, and have disinterred some specimens of the most exquisite Assyrian sculpture. No comparison can be made between the sculptures now discovered and those previously found. The figures are in high relief, and closely resemble nature. The design is full of force and life, the execution wonderful, and the finish of the details carried to perfection."—A cave beautifully adorned with stalactites hanging from the roof and sides has been discovered at a limestone quarry at Oystermouth in Glamorganshire.—It having appeared from several letters sent home by the officers and soldiers of the army now in the Crimea, that any periodicals or books, more especially of the lighter class of literature, would be most acceptable, several gentlemen have subscribed a number of magazines and volumes to form the nucleus of a cargo to be forthwith despatched to the East. It is presumed that there are few families who will not cheerfully contribute those odd volumes which at present may be found lying about every house, perused and no longer valued here, but which would be gladly received by our gallant defenders.

All contributions will be received and very carefully collected and packed, if forwarded to Mr. Arthur Smith, Egyptian-hall, Piccadilly; and Mr. James L. O'Beirne, Secretary to the General Screw Steam Company, has kindly undertaken to send on these parcels, free of any charge, to their destination.—The sale of the interesting and peculiar collection of books that belonged to the late Lord Cockburn has attracted much attention this week at Messrs. Tait and Nisbet's. His Lordship had collected into volumes the contributions of many of the chief writers in the *Edinburgh Review* from the pages of the *Review* itself. The prices of some of these we place at the head of our brief list of a few of the more remarkable sales:—"Holland House," "Allen's Tracts and Contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*," 7l. 7s.; Lord Brougham's Contributions and Tracts, 3l. 13s.; Macaulay's, 4l. 7s.; Sir Thomas Dick Lauder's Works, 8l. 8s.; Sir David Lyndsay's *Heraldry*, 5l. 5s.; the "Land of Burns," 9l. 19s. 6d.; the reprint of the *Knightly Tale of Gollagrus and Gawane*, from the edition by Chepman and Myllar, 4l. The complete set of the Bannatyne Club books was bought on Thursday, by Lord Panmure, for 147l. A collection of the original editions of the works of Defoe brought 40l. 17s. 6d. The unique series of tracts on the Burke and Hare murders produced 9l. Eight volumes of original editions of Fuller's works were knocked down for 45l. 12s. The following are the sums realised by some other lots:—A set of the works of the late T. F. Dibdin, the bibliomaniac, 28l. 1s. 6d.; seven volumes of Baskerville's Classics, 11l.; a large paper copy of Billings's Ecclesiastical and Baronial Antiquities, 9l. 9s.; a collection of Cobbett's works, 7l.; the *Biographie Universelle*, 20l. 10s. 6d.; the *Encyclopédie* of D'Alembert and Diderot, 15l. 15s. The unrivalled collection of *Edinburgh Tracts*, in 350 volumes, is in the catalogue for to-day; and the remarkable carvings in oak of the fifteenth century, so well known as "the Stirling heads," are to be put up on Monday.

DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &c.

HAYMARKET.—*The Sentinel of the Alma*: a Drama, by Mr. Samuel Lover. *The Balance of Comfort*: a Comedietta, by Mr. Bayle Bernard. ADELPHI.—*The Railway Belle*: a Farce, by Mr. Mark Lemon.

LYCEUM.—Reopening.—*A Comical Countess*: a Comedietta, adapted by Mr. W. Brough.

JULIEN'S CONCERTS.—AN APOLOGY.

THE fate of *The Sentinel of the Alma* is so suggestive of the old proverb *de mortuis*, that I shall not attempt to describe its demerits in detail. It was such an offence, not only against dramatic, but against public taste, that the paramount feeling respecting it is wonder, that so clever a man as Mr. Lover should have written such a piece, and so experienced a judge as Mr. Buckstone should have accepted it. *The Balance of Comfort* affords a pleasanter topic. It is light, sparkling, pleasant, useful in moral, neat in construction, excellent in *mise en scène*, and passable in acting: what more can either author, manager, actor, critic, or public, expect in these days? The moral is the necessity of mutual concession between man and wife. *Mrs. Torrington* has a fixed idea that bucolic calm, and the cultivation of flowers and the intellect, form the sum of connubial felicity; while *Mr. Torrington's* *beau idéal* consists in perpetual change and ceaseless excitement: eventually each becomes a convert, and accepts the alternative offered by the golden mean. *Captain Sheepshanks*, and *Mr. Pollard*, two lovers who present different phases of absurdity, complicate the plot by their attentions to *Mrs. Torrington* while she is separated from her husband. The dialogue and construction have all the neatness and polish of one of Alfred de Musset's proverbs. The stage, presenting the elegant drawing-room of a cottage *ornée*, is decorated with taste. The part of *Mrs. Torrington*, which affords great scope for subtlety of acting, is sustained by Miss Reynolds; and, while I freely admit that she has lately made immense progress in the acquisition of her art, the style is too metallic, and not sufficiently ladylike (in the strictest sense of the word) to please. Messrs. Howe, Clark, and Rogers, who support the other principal characters, leave little to be desired.

The Railway Belle hits the mark at which its author aimed: it is a successful, funny little farce. *Miss Julia Spruce* is one of those pretty little impregnabilities of whom every consumer of railway refreshments knows so many. *Mr. Samuel Greenhouse* is one of those love-lorn noodles of whom the aforesaid impregnabilities have daily experience. *Mr. Greenhouse* travels perpetually on the line, and orders soup *ad infinitum*, in patient expectation of an opportunity to declare his passion. The soup he puts into his carpet-bag, but the love he hides in his bosom. To gain his opportunity, he accepts the vacant post of waiter, and is immediately involved in a very natural but comic difficulty, by the arrival of the young lady to whom he is seriously engaged. The extrication is managed by marrying the railway belle to an amoros and *bona fide* waiter, to the exclusion and disgust of a Bluebeard in the shape of the station-master. Miss Wyndham is the railway belle, Mr. Selby the greenhorn, Mr. Rogers the waiter, and Mr. Garden the station-master—an admirable cast.

The Lyceum opened on Monday, with only one novelty in the bill. *The Game of Speculation* is a sure success; for the public will never tire of seeing so much artful nature played with so much natural art. Indeed, so identified is the actor with his part, that it becomes a question with those who go to see Mr. Charles Mathews whether they go to see him as *Mr. Affable Hawk*, or *Mr. Affable Hawk* as Mr. Charles Mathews. *A Comical Countess* followed—an adaptation of *Une Soubrette de Qualité*. The proper critical term to apply to this piece is, I believe, *flimsy*; but, considering that it was supported by the solid talents of Mr. Mathews, and the still more solid charms of Miss Talbot, I should prefer some less insubstantial epithet. There is a prejudice about French pieces, that, because they are epigrammatic—because the *locus in quo* is some gilded salon, à la Louis Quinze—and because the personages wear powder and silk stockings—therefore they are always elegant. But the epigrams, sometimes dull enough in the original, are often blunted in the adaptation; and the style of Louis Quinze is too rapid and artificial to interest after its novelty has worn off. In the *Comical Countess* both these faults are observable. The piece is not particularly good in its French dress; and the adaptation has none of that crispness or originality which render the "Game of Speculation" the most free, while the most faithful of translations. The situations are forced; and, although this defect is lessened by the graceful ease of Mr. Charles Mathews, it is painfully exaggerated by the artificial manner of Miss Talbot. To carry off the most uninteresting character of an ex-cook, who has become a countess, and falls in love with the son of her former mistress—who carries most of the vulgarity and all the ignorance of the turnspit upstairs into the drawing-room, overlaying it simply with a thin coating of pearl-powder and rouge—such a part requires all the beauty and vivacity of a Nesbitt to make it agreeable. Miss Talbot, who has beauty, has no vivacity. One artistic quality she has—

apomb; and, considering her small experience as an actress, it is a problem where she acquired it. As a well-wisher of the Lyceum, I sincerely trust that the company will be strengthened by the engagement of one or two actresses. People will one day or other ask the very awkward question—Why is it that we find young ladies of considerable personal attractions, but small artistic experience, occupying the foremost rank upon the stage, while actresses of acknowledged merit seek in vain for an engagement? The solution of this problem would probably involve one or two *clairsements*.

M. Jullien tries to please everybody—and succeeds. Hitherto he has administered to the war mania; now he is not forgetful of the lovers of high art. The former part of his concert on Tuesday night was devoted entirely to a selection from Beethoven. A crowded house and enthusiastic plaudits testified equally to the taste of the audience and the ability of the performance. With equal modesty and judgment, M. Jullien resigned the baton, for the nonce, to that excellent musician and able conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon.

An apology is due to the author of *Love and Loyalty*, at the Marylebone. It is written by Mr. Robson, junior, and not by Mr. Robson, senior. Without disparagement to the latter, I may parody the wish expressed by Hector in favour of his son—that he may be “a far better man than his father!” His present effort ensures the fulfilment.

JACQUES.

POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—MR. GEORGE HARVEY'S ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF AMERICA.—Mr. Pepper, the enterprising manager of the Polytechnic, has lately introduced on Saturday evenings an instructive and amusing entertainment—“Mr. George Harvey's Illustrations of the Rise and Progress of America,” in a series of dissolving views, which are certainly more clearly defined than any we have yet witnessed, many of them being perfect gems of art in composition, colour, and sharpness of touch. The artist has introduced some stirring and original scenes. Among the best are “New settlers making maple-sugar during a snow-storm,” “A logging frolic,” “Forest clearing,” “Fishing by torch-light on Lake Ontario,” “A windy day on Portland-pier, Lake Erie,” “Entrance to a coal mine,” “A slack-water canal amid the mountains,” “A sleighing party,” “The Catskill Mountain House,” with day and moonlight effects on the broad valley of the Hudson; “Sunnyside,” the residence of Washington Irving, nestled in a grove of trees, whose roots are laved by the waters of the noble Hudson river; “Interiors of a log-house,” and “spacious drawing-room,” where the figures have all the startling reality which the stereoscope produces. “The east and west fronts of the Capitol at Washington,” with its grand flight of steps, spacious colonnade, and lofty dome, are transcribed with wonderful effect of light and shade; nor must we forget to mention Mr. Harvey's skies, which are inimitable—one looks far beyond the fleecy or scudding clouds into unfathomable space. The artist has spared neither time nor expense to make his tableaux a faithful transcript of nature under all her varied aspects; and, above all, his great aim is to make an English audience interested in the rise and progress of the new world, and to place before our eyes the energy, toil, and bravery of the early settlers, who first discovered and brought into play the vast resources of wealth which had lain hidden for ages. Mr. Harvey gives a short description of every view which adds greatly to the amusement of the evening.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE LAW JOURNAL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC, LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL.

SIR,—My attention has been called to a statement in the *Critic*, *London Literary Journal*, published on the 15th inst., in an article headed “The Dilke Journals.”

That statement is as follows: “Mr. Dilke was, and we believe still is, one of the proprietors of the *Law Journal Reports*.”

As one of the editors of that work, I beg to inform you that neither Mr. Dilke, nor any one connected with the *Athenæum*, is, or ever has been, a proprietor of the *Law Journal Reports*.

I shall feel obliged by your publishing this note in your next number. I am, Sir, yours, &c.

FRANCIS TOWERS STREETEN.

5, Quality-court, Chancery-lane, Nov. 29, 1854.

TITIAN GALLERY AT BLENHEIM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC, LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL.

SIR,—Will any of your readers learned in art favour an inquirer with an opinion upon the genuineness of that series of paintings at Blenheim House which constitute the Titian Gallery. I do not allude to any of the undoubted pictures of Titian dispersed throughout the mansion, but to that series exhibited in a detached building, under the name of the Titian Gallery. They are placed in an apartment, which was formerly called the theatre, but which the pre-

sent Duke of Marlborough has converted into stewards' offices. His Grace is, perhaps, less of an artist than his father was, but much more of a political economist; and the habitable and well-warmed apartments in which the Titian pictures are now arranged are much more favourable for their conservation than was the old long-disused theatre.

In my frequent visits to Blenheim, during my residence in Oxford, I was always told that Sir Joshua Reynolds had pronounced these pictures to be the work of Titian, and had appraised them at some fabulous sum. I was not learned enough in art to dispute the statement of my guide; but the other evening at a party, a gentleman, who talked very volubly on art, derided me for speaking of these pictures as the product of Titian's pencil.

Will any of your readers answer my query, are they the work of Titian or not?

The paintings at Blenheim have a European reputation; and a General, recently deceased, once pointed out to me several which Marshal Soult had actually noted down in his pocket-book for plunder when Napoleon's invasion from Boulogne was on the tapis.

Nov. 21.

I am Sir, yours, &c.,

AN INQUIRER.

OBITUARY.

BRACKEDON, William, F.R.S., at his residence, in Devonshire-street, Queen-square, London, Ag. 29. In 1815 he visited France, for the purpose of studying the collection of the Louvre; and, after his return, painted the picture of the “Acquittal of Susannah.” His next painting was the picture of “Christ raising the Widow's Son,” which obtained for him the prize of 100 guineas from the Directors of the British Institution. In 1819 he invented the mode of drawing gold and silver wire by means of holes pierced in gems, which is now in general use. In 1824 he made an excursion to the Alps, for the purpose of investigating the route of Hannibal, which journey suggested his great work, “The Passes of the Alps.” Mr. Brackedon last exhibited his pictures at the Royal Academy in 1835, previous to which he was a constant contributor to the Gallery of works of various kinds.

CHALON, Mr. John James, R.A., at Kensington.

FERRIER, Miss, the authoress of “*Marriage*,” “*Inheritance*,” and “*Destiny*.” She was born in 1782.

FORBES, Professor.—Edward Forbes, the youthful but eminent Professor of Natural History in the University of Edinburgh, died at Edinburgh on Saturday week from the effects of a chronic disease, re-excited or aggravated by severe cold caught in an autumnal geological excursion. Professor Forbes was an alumnus of the Edinburgh University, his studies in natural history having been conducted by the venerable Professor Jameson, who filled the chair of that department for fifty years, and was succeeded on his demise, last April, by his celebrated pupil now deceased. Mr. Forbes for some time lectured in the extra-academical schools of Edinburgh, and subsequently joined a Government exploring expedition in Asia Minor, in the capacity of naturalist. On his return he was appointed Professor of Botany in King's College, London, and soon after Curator to the Geological Society, as well as of the Palaeontological department of the Economic Museum. On the recent vacancy in the Natural History Chair in Edinburgh, the Town Council unanimously recommended him to Government as the most fit and deserving to be the successor of Jameson, and the appointment was at once conferred upon him.

D'HAUSSEZ, Baron Lemerchier, Minister of Marine to Charles X., at Paris. He was author of “*La Grande Bretagne en 1833*,” “*Voyages d'un Exilé*,” “*Alpes et Danube*,” and “*Etudes Morales et Politiques*.”

HUNT, Mr. Frederick Knight, since 1851 principal editor of the *Daily News*, at Forest-hill on Sunday week. Mr. Hunt was a native of Buckinghamshire, and born in 1814. He studied medicine, graduated as surgeon, and for some time contemplated practising in that capacity. The fascinations of literature and politics, however, proved irresistible, and he threw himself into the field of journalism. After having been connected with various periodicals, he was appointed a member of the original editorial staff of the *Daily News* in 1846, a connection which remained uninterrupted till his untimely death. In the intervals of his professional exertions he contrived, however, to find time for the composition of several works, of which the most important is “*The Fourth Estate*”—a history of the newspaper press.

LANGER, M., one of the most learned Hellenists of Prussia, recently at an advanced age.

LOCKHART, Mr. J. G. He was taken severely ill of paralysis a fortnight ago at Abbotsford, where he had gone in the hope of recruiting his health, and died on Saturday evening. Mr. Lockhart was a member of the Scotch bar, which he early abandoned for literary pursuits. He became a contributor to *Blackwood*, and was remarkably successful. While engaged on *Blackwood* he wrote two separate works of fiction, “*Adam Blair*,” a tale of the Presbyterians, and “*Valerius*,” a tale of Roman life. After a visit to Spain, he produced the celebrated volume of Spanish ballads. He married the daughter of Sir Walter Scott, and settled in London as editor of the *Quarterly*, in the management of which he showed great tact and sound scholarship. He received from Sir R. Peel the appointment of auditor of the Duchy of Lancaster, which he held up to his death.

MULLER, M. Gens Peter, the Patriarch of Danish painters, and, during forty years, the professor of landscape painting at the Academy of the Fine Arts at Copenhagen, died Nov. 9, aged 75.

NOLAN, Captain, on the 25th Oct., in the fatal cavalry charge at Balaklava. He was known in literature, as well as in arms, his Treatise on Cavalry Drill and Tactics being an ably written and well-arranged, as well as a valuable, practical manual.

STUART, Lord Dudley, at Stockholm. He was President of the Literary Association of the Friends of Poland, and son-in-law of the Prince of Canino.

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LITERARY LOGGERHEADS.—The two principal literary journals of London, the *Athenæum* and *Critic*, are at loggerheads, and interchanging very personal favours as keenly as the allies exchange shot and shell with the Russians. It would appear the former is the aggressor, by charging Mr. Cox, the proprietor of the latter, with the strange fault of “establishing several journals!” The *Critic*, obliged in self-defence, and after remonstrance against the system of personal warfare, to take like weapons, retorts; and by its assertion it would appear that Mr. Dilke, the proprietor of the *Athenæum*, has raised more journals than Napoleon I. made kings. The *Critic* also affirms that the hostility of the *Athenæum* arises from a slashing review in the former of a book by Mr. Hepworth Dixon, the present editor of the latter, whom the *Critic* charges with “vulgar insolence and coxcombry,” “coarse vulgarity,” and so forth. Very pretty words for the leading expounders of literary and scientific lore to interchange! We can conceive of a respectable journal being obliged to administer a castigation to an opponent, when personally attacked, in the same way as a man would cane a snarling cur; but really the bandying of personalities between the editors of such journals is somewhat disgraceful to the metropolitan press, and a very bad example to provincials, some of whom stand in no need of such lessons from high authorities.—*John-o'-Groat Journal*.

M. SOYER ON COD-LIVER OIL.—"Dearest Heloise, —We have remarked before, and must now repeat it, with Hippocrates, that that which pleases the palate nourishes the most. Nothing can be more applicable than these words of far-famed antiquity; and rightly do they apply to a new discovery I made whilst in London, about a month back, which I regard as a blessing to the sufferer who is obliged to seek relief from cod-liver oil. I am pleased to tell you that, in lieu of the generally rancid quality of this preparation, I have found it palatable and rather agreeable, in comparison with the other, and far superior to what I tasted at the Hull Infirmary, during a visit there (see pages 41, 42, and 43), which caused me to think of those dishes in which fresh cod-liver oil is used; but, as these cannot supply the 'mass,' I must make you acquainted with the 'boon for the million'; and I certainly prefer Dr. De Jongh's Light Brown Cod-Liver Oil, which approaches in taste as near to that delicacy, the sturgeon 'Caviare,' as anything I ever tasted—leaving its medicinal properties in the hands of such eminent authorities as Professor Liebig, Wöhler, Berzelius, Fouquier, Dr. Jonathan Pereira, &c., and the Analytical Commissioner of the 'Lancet,' who so highly speak in its favour."—*Sayer's Shilling Cookery for the People*, Eightieth Thousand.

A LADY'S BONNET.—Show us a lady's bonnet, and we'll tell you what sort of an institution she is. If it is showered with red ribbons, cupids, bows, &c., she is as full of love and poetry, as a country inn of politicians and loafers. If it goes in for the simple wrinkles, plain colours, and couple of modest knots, she is a perfect jewel, sweet, sunny, mild, but as affectionate as a freshly nursed kitten. If it is "stuck all over" with a paradise of clover, three-story ostrich feathers, wax hollyhocks and juniper berries, put it square down that the calico is a single establishment, and will never see a fortieth birth-day. Bonnets are a true index of woman.—*American Paper*.

OUR STATUTE BOOK.—At the close of last year our statute-book, commencing our enumeration from the 9th Henry III., contained 16,579 public general acts, 9285 local and personal acts, and 14,268 private acts. The public general acts have been thus classified:—

Acts repealed	2726
Acts virtually repealed .. .	2667
Acts obsolete	436
Acts expired or virtually expired .. .	4310
Acts of a merely local or personal application .. .	2473
Acts relating exclusively to Scotland .. .	430
Acts relating exclusively to Ireland .. .	625
Acts relating exclusively to the Colonies .. .	403
Acts relating, some to the United Kingdom generally, others exclusively to England, others to Great Britain, and some few to England and Ireland .. .	2509

61,579

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